THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.
APRIL, 1888.

HERE AND THERE IN EUROPE.

HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.

ON THE LOWER RHINE.

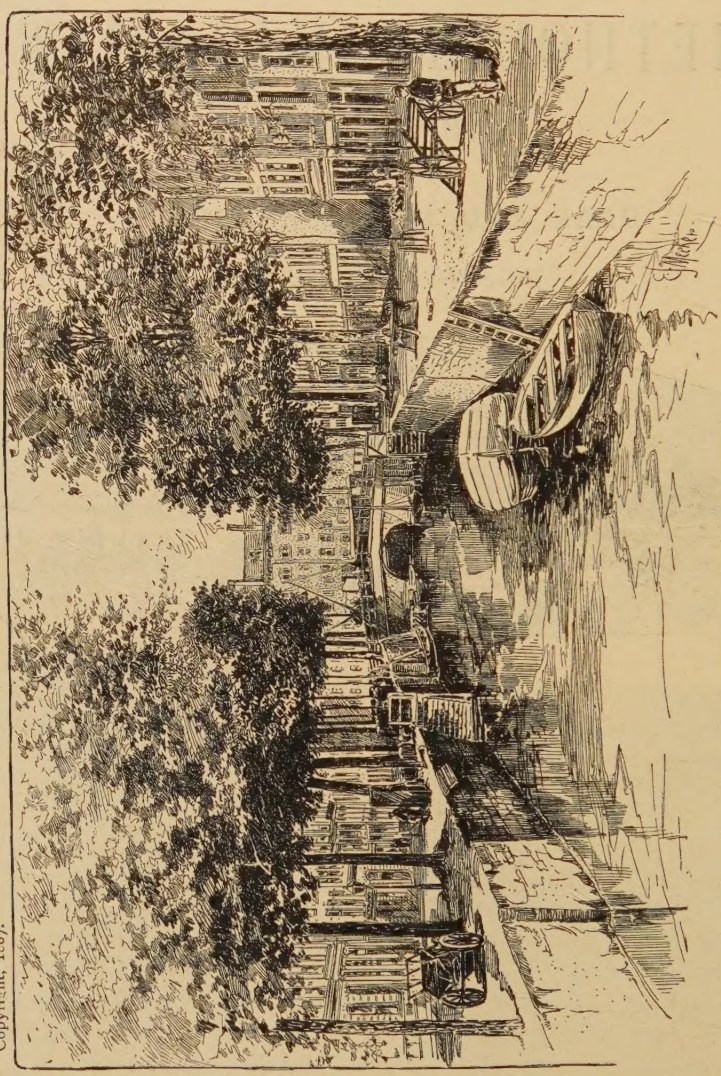
THIS amphibious country is well named Holland—the hollow land—as Hudibras says:

> "A country that draws fifty feet of water;
> A land that lies at anchor and is moored,
> In which men do not live but go on board."

Its character is indicated by its heraldic cognizance—a swimming lion, with the motto *Luctor et Emergo,* which may be freely rendered, "I struggle to keep above water." Much of the country lies below the level of the sea. These fertile pastures have been reclaimed from the domain of the ocean by the daring industry of the Dutch, who have built great dikes, or embankments, to keep out the ravening sea, which, unlike the "ancient and unsubsidized ally of England"—an invulner-

NOTE.—For the cut on page 290 and that facing page 300 we are indebted to the courtesy of the publishers of *St. Nicholas Magazine.*

able defence—is an implacable enemy, perpetually besieging their earthen ramparts. In spite of ceaseless vigilance against its assaults, the ocean sometimes bursts its barriers and turns



Scene in Amsterdam.

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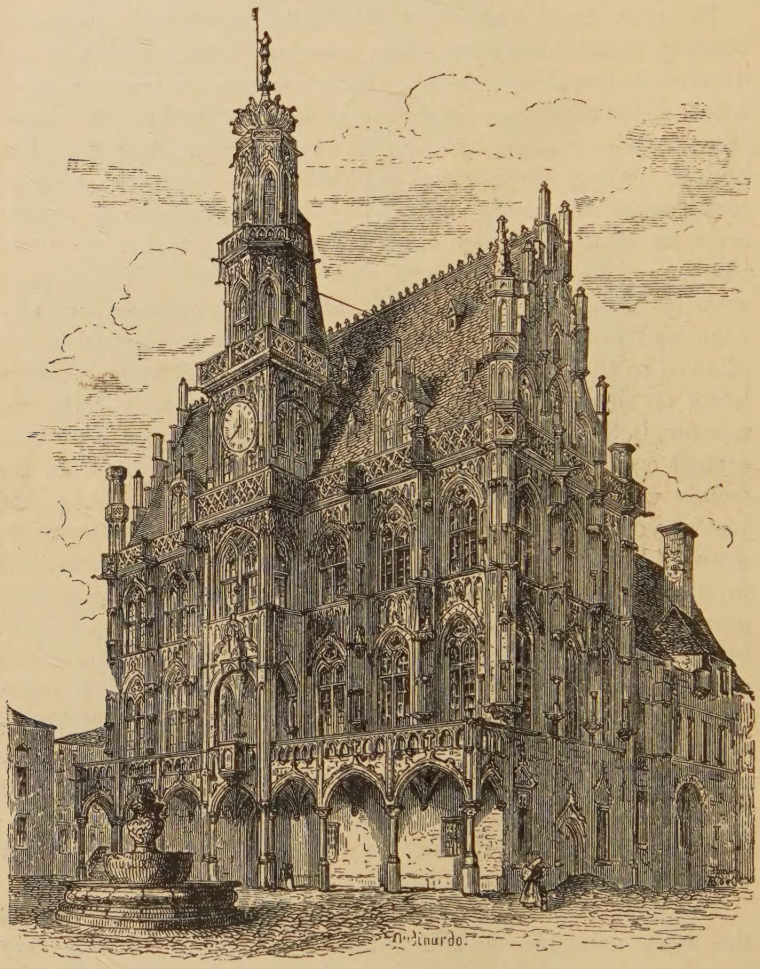
fertile meadows and smiling valleys into a stormy sea—*Verdronken Land* as it is called—literally, "drowned land." Over and over again the patriotic Dutch have opened the dikes and laid their country far and wide beneath the waves, as their sole de-

fence against Spanish tyranny. In the terrible siege of Antwerp by the French in 1832, the dikes were cut, and the country for three years was flooded by the sea, the gun-boats cruised about the fields. The stratum of saline sand deposited almost prevented cultivation for many years.

The route from Antwerp to Rotterdam traverses a characteristically Dutch landscape—vast meadows, level as a floor and divided by trenches of water. Canals ramify everywhere, along whose silent highways stealthily glide the *trekschuits* or "draw-boats," often dragged by men, or even women, harnessed like horses. Along the horizon, wherever one looks, are rows of picturesque windmills, ceaselessly brandishing their mighty arms, as if to challenge any over-valiant Quixote to mortal combat. I have seen a dozen in a single view. The villages, country-houses, and gardens are scrupulously, almost painfully, neat and clean. At Broek, near Amsterdam, no horses are allowed in the streets, and no one may enter a house with his boots or shoes on. The town-houses are generally high and narrow, built of red brick with crow-stepped gables, each with a large crane for hoisting goods from the streets, or from the canals which flow below. The lazy barges creep along, and just as you want to cross a canal, up swings the counterpoised drawbridge, and you envy the Dutch patience of the vrows and mynheers who quietly wait—the latter stolidly pulling at their porcelain pipes, as though it were life's sole concern—till the bridge falls again. The language, too, has such a grotesque, half comic look—like English gone mad. For instance, on cellar doors you read, "Water en vuur te koop"—"water and fire to sell," where boiling water and hot turf are furnished the poor to prepare their tea and coffee. "Dit huis is te huur,"—"This house is to hire,"—and "Hier verkoopt man sterke dranken,"—literally, "Here a man may buy strong drinks,"—frequently occur.

The men and women one meets in the street seem built on the same principle as the Dutch boats in the canals—very broad and staunch-looking craft. I saw, at last, where Rubens found the models for his very solid saints and angels, and for his exceedingly ample, not say exuberant, allegorical figures. There happened to be in progress, when I was in Rotterdam, a *Kermis*—literally a "Church Mass," but practically a peasants' fair or Dutch carnival, when the whole city, thronged with the neighbouring peasantry, was given up to holiday making. A

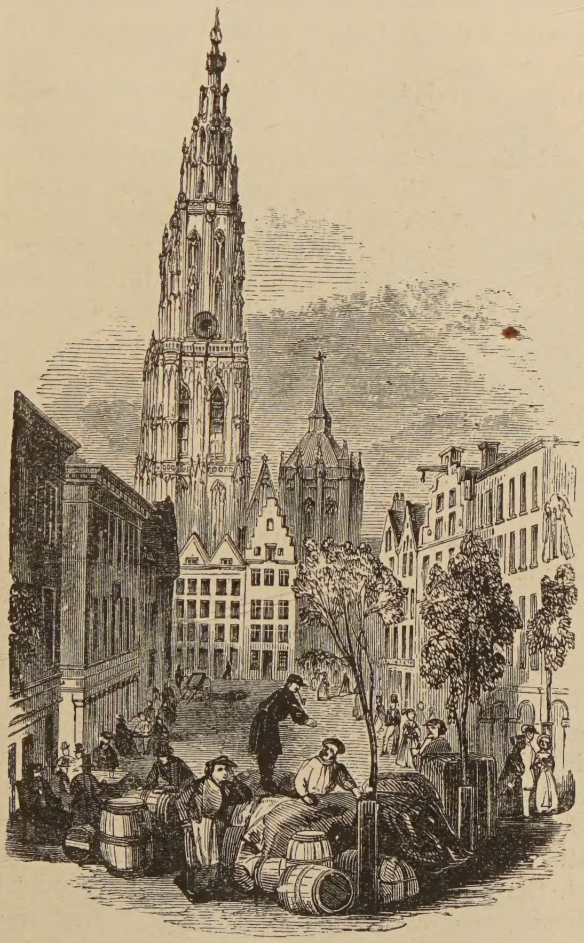
balloon was sailing over head, and till it passed from view everybody was craning his neck to catch a glimpse of it. Posts were planted across certain streets to prevent the intrusion of carriages on the region reserved for the fair. This region was



TOWN HALL, OUDENARDE.

crowded with booths, tents, merry-go-rounds; stages for harlequins, mountebanks, quacksalvers, and cheap theatricals; shooting galleries, peep-shows, and stalls for selling all manner of toys, trinkets, pictures, fancy goods; and more than all, and everywhere, luncheon booths and drink counters. Greater

Babel of sounds I never heard. Chapmen and venders were crying their wares, bands were discoursing brazen music in half-a-dozen places at onces; not to mention the drums, trumpets, and vociferations of itinerant showmen inviting the gaping crowd to enter the enchanted palace or fairy bower whose



Antwerp Cathedral.

beauties were portrayed on glaring canvas; and the proprietors of the learned pig, the tame snakes, the happy family of monkeys and parrots, or of the dwarf or giantess, setting forth the attractions of their respective shows. It was the most vivid realization of Bunyan's Vanity Fair I ever expect to see. The

throngs of people consisted largely of peasants in their gala dress—the men in stiff high-collared coats with big horn buttons, and high-crowned hats; the women in stuff gowns and a white neckerchief, a lace cap and a broad gold band across the forehead with spiral horns projecting at either side, and large, clumsy-looking pendants in their ears. These must be of considerable value, but Dutch thrift secures to almost every peasant woman this singular and ugly head-gear.

The inn where I lodged was thronged with these holiday makers, evidently bent on having a good time. I was much amused, as I took my lunch, at a group at another table—composed, I surmised, of the parish priest and three or four of his male parishioners with their wives; and stout, florid, homely, hearty women they were. They ordered the waiters about, and talked all together with their mouths full, ate with their knives, and sat so far from the table that not a little of their food fell on the floor, and gnawed their bones in a voracious manner. The common conventions of table etiquette did not trouble them in the least. They seemed to be a simple-minded, honest, industrous people.

The town has little of architectural interest. The Groote Kerk, or Church of St. Lawrence, is a large, bare, ugly structure. The view of red roofs, flat pastures, windmills and canals, did not repay me for my weary climb up its lofty spire. A great dyke runs through the town, along which stretches the Hoog Straat, or High Street. The busiest spot in the city is the Boompjes, a handsome quay planted with trees, from which a hundred steamers and innumerable other vessels sail to many Dutch and foreign ports. The art gallery is rich in homely Dutch interiors and still life, painted with exquisite minuteness; but the prosaic subjects seemed to me not worth the skill or patience bestowed upon them. In the Groote Market is a fine statue of Erasmus, and on the small house, now a tavern, in which the great scholar was born, is the legend, "Hæc est parva domus, magnus qua natus Erasmus." Just opposite is the "House of the Thousand Terrors," where, during the Spanish massacre in 1572, hundreds of persons took refuge. Having barricaded the doors and windows they killed a kid and let the blood flow over the threshold. Seeing the gory stream the Spanish soldiers thought the work of butchery complete, and hastened to deeds of slaughter elsewhere. To-day the peaceful draper shop which occupies the site presents a strange contrast to the horrors of that dreadful day.

Street Scene in Antwerp.

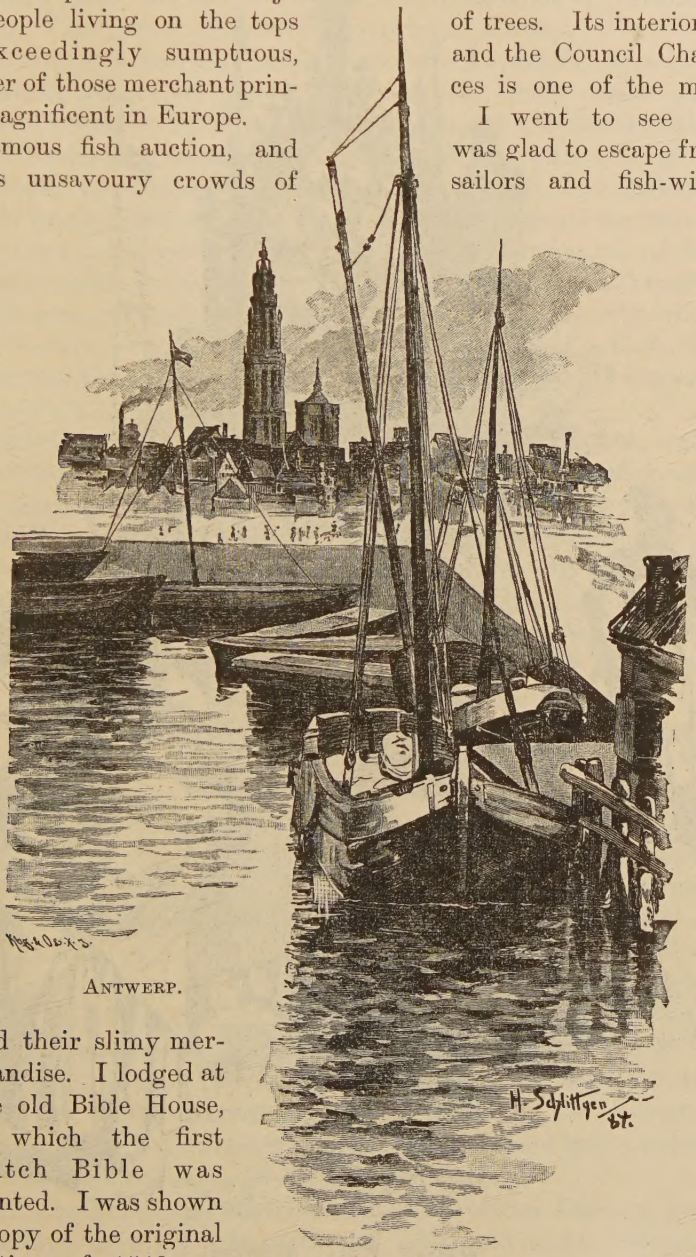
It is only fourteen miles from Rotterdam to the Hague, and on the way we pass, first Schiedam, celebrated for its "Hollands" and "Geneva," in which baneful manufacture 220 distilleries are said to be employed; and then Delft, which gives its name to our common pottery, and from which the pilgrim fathers sailed for Plymouth Rock. A more painful interest attaches itself to the Prinsenhof, or palace, the scene of the assassination of William the Silent, the grand Protestant champion of Europe. The mark of the bullet is still seen. Here also Grotius was born.

The Hague, for centuries the capital of Holland, with a population of 100,000, is one of the most charming cities I have ever seen. Its handsome streets, spacious squares, quaint old houses, splendid park of stately elms and chestnuts, its fishponds and tree-shaded canals, have an air of unsurpassed quiet, comfort, and thrift. It galleries and museums are exceedingly rich in treasures of art. Nor is it without stirring historic memories. It was with profound interest that I visited the spot where the grand old Arminian, Barneveldt, was executed in his seventy-second year, 1619. In the art gallery one may read the naval history of Holland in the famous battle pieces which illustrate the career of De Ruyter and of Van Tromp, who, with broom at masthead, swept up the Thames till his guns were heard in London streets. The splendid wig and aristocratic nose of our Dutch sovereign, William III., will also profoundly impress the hero-worshipping mind. The gem of the collection, however, is neither King nor Kaiser, but Paul Potter's far-famed bull—a magnificent animal, which seems about to step out of the canvas.

Amsterdam, the Venice of the North, contrasts very unfavourably with the Queen of the Adriatic. It may be more thrifty, but it is far less poetic. The busy traffic of its canals continually perturbs their muddy waters, which have the colour and consistency of pea-soup; and the tall, dull red brick houses, through the sinking of the piles on which they rest, lean at various angles as though they would topple over. Like Venice, Amsterdam has grown from a few fishermen's huts, built like seagulls' nests, on an oozy sandbank, to be a great commercial entrepôt. It has a thrifty population of 300,000. Its ninety islands are connected by 300 bridges, and, as in Venice, almost every house can be reached by water. The stately rows of elms, however, that border the canals have no counterpart in in the fairer southern city. The finest building is the Palace,

a massive Renaissance structure, built for a town hall, on 14,000 piles—hence the jest of Erasmus about the people living on the tops of trees. Its interior is exceedingly sumptuous, and the Council Chamber of those merchant princes is one of the most magnificent in Europe.

I went to see the famous fish auction, and was glad to escape from its unsavoury crowds of sailors and fish-wives



ANTWERP.

and their slimy merchandise. I lodged at the old Bible House, in which the first Dutch Bible was printed. I was shown a copy of the original edition of 1542—a massive black-letter book with queer old cuts. The son of the

MATSYS' WELL, ANTWERP.

printer opened an inn, and set up as his sign an open Bible inscribed with the text, "Take a little wine for thy stomach sake;" and there, above the door, it is to this day.

I returned from this famed city of the Zuyder Zee by way of Utrecht, where was signed the important treaty which gave peace to Europe in 1713, and Gouda, famed for its stained glass.

We pass next to the old Flemish town of Oudenarde, one of the most interesting towns of the ancient province of Hainault. It is worth while stopping over a train if only to see the beautiful town hall, shown in our engraving—a fine example of late Gothic architecture, erected 1525–30. The whole front is fretted with graceful designs, but the numerous statuettes with which the niches were once filled have all disappeared. Here was born the famous Margaret of Parma, daughter of the Emperor Charles V.

Antwerp, a busy town on the "lazy Scheldt," was, under Charles V., the most prosperous city in Europe. But Spanish tyranny and the terrors of the Inquisition reduced the population to, at one time, 40,000. It is strongly fortified, and has stood many a siege. The glory of the town is its magnificent cathedral. Its lofty open spire Napoleon compared to Mechlin lace, and Charles V. used to say it should be preserved in a glass case. Its interior is unique in this, that it has three aisles on each side of the nave. The perspective of the arches, supported on 125 columns, is very fine. The glory of the church is Rubens' masterpiece—his wonderful "Descent from the Cross." I confess to a lack of appreciation of Rubens. I can see little beauty in his figures, and they have often a vulgar coarseness that is offensive to good taste. Of course, the masterful life and rich colouring of his pictures indicate the consummate artist. But there is none of the poetic feeling of Raphäel, nor of the seraphic purity of Fra Angelico. Crowded around the venerable cathedral, like mendicants around the feet of a priest, are a lot of squalid old houses, that greatly mar its beauty. Beside the principal portal is the ancient well, shown in our engraving, covered by an intricate canopy of wrought iron, made in 1529 by Quentin Matsys, whom, as an inscription records, love of an artist's daughter transformed into a painter —"*Connubialis amor Mulcibre fecit Apellem.*"

In a neighbouring churchyard is an artificial Calvary, forty feet high, crowded with statues of saints and angels. Beneath is a grotto in imitation of the Holy Sepulchre, and an iron-

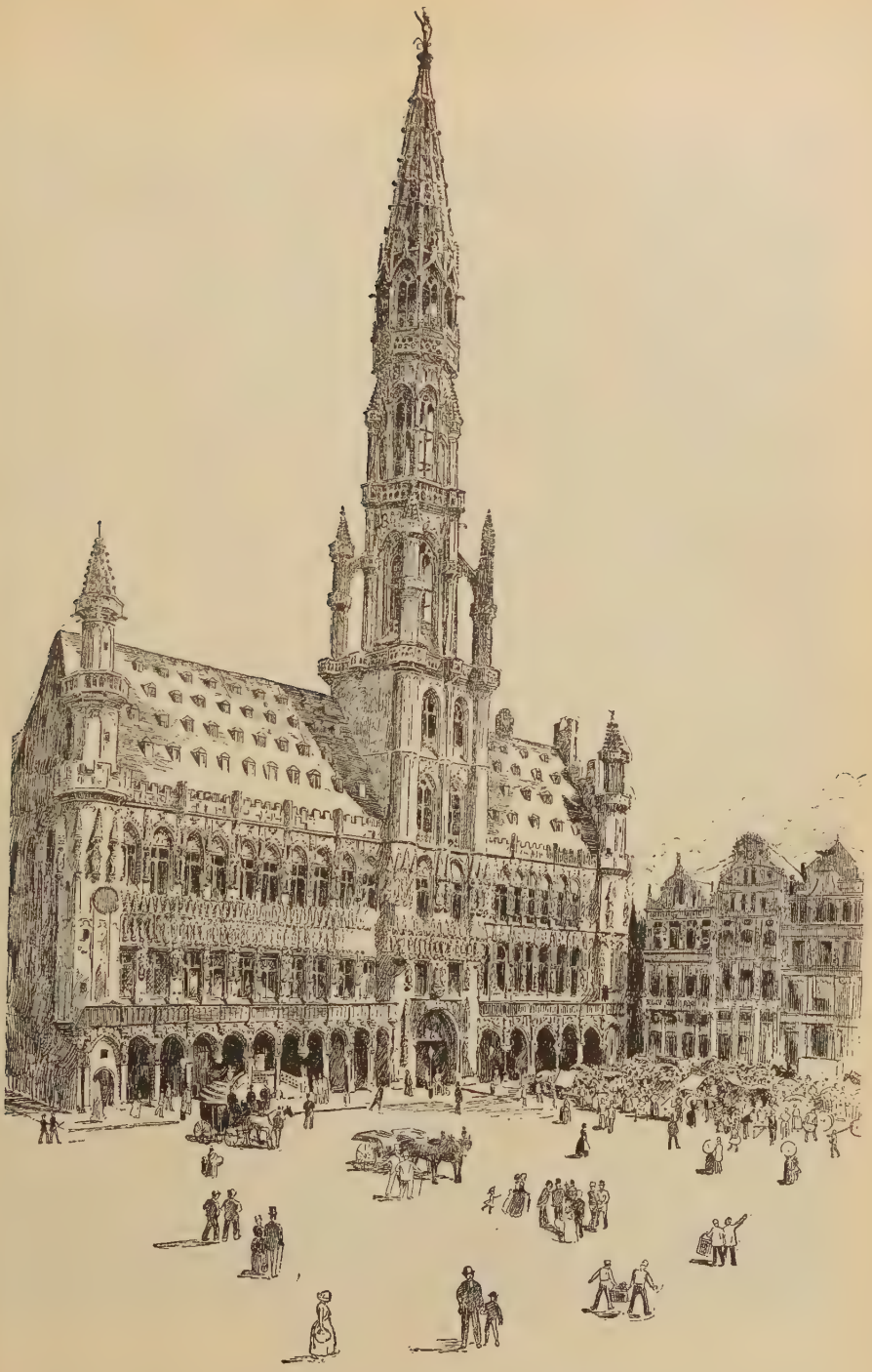
grated purgatory, in which carved figures in painted flames beseech alms for masses to procure their release. It has all the horror of Dante without any of the poetry.

The picture gallery is wonderfully rich in *chefs d'œuvre* of Flemish art; but none impressed me more than a dead Christ, by Matsys, whose deep pathos brings tears to the eyes. In the public squares are fine monuments of Rubens, Teniers, and Vandyck, and the streets bear the names of famous painters.

My most delightful memory of Antwerp is that of its sweet chimes. There are in all, in the cathedral tower, ninety-nine bells—the largest, at whose baptism Charles V. stood god-father and gave it his own name, weighs eight tons. Every quarter of an hour they ring out a beautiful *carillon*, and at the full hour they proclaim in more elaborate melody the flight of time. My hotel was in the Cathedral Square, and at night I lay awake listening to the exquisite strain, and thinking of Longfellow's musical lines:

> "As the evening shade descended,
> Low and loud and sweetly blended,
> Low at times and loud at times,
> And changing like a poet's rhymes,
> Rang the beautiful wild chimes.
> Then with deep sonorous clangour
> Calmly answering their sweet anger,
> When the wrangling bells had ended,
> Slowly struck the clock eleven;
> And from out the silent heaven,
> Silence on the town decended.
> Silence, silence everywhere,
> On the earth and in the air."

Brussels is only an hour's ride from Antwerp. It is another Paris, with its broad boulevards, its palaces, parks and squares, and its cafés and gay out-of-door life, and a population of 400,000. The ancient church of St. Gudule is of vast size and venerable majesty—one of the richest I have seen. In an artificial grotto was a figure of the Virgin, dressed like a fairy queen. The singing of the vespers at twilight was exquisitely sweet. The celebrated Hôtel de Ville is one of the noblest town halls in Europe. Its flamboyant façade and exquisite open spire, soaring like a fountain 370 feet in the air, once seen can never be forgotten. At the summit the Archangel Michael forever waves his glittering sword as if to guard the city at his feet. The fretted stone work looks like petrified lace. An



The Hotel de Ville, Brussels.

FLEMISH PEASANT.

intelligent young girl showed me the old historic rooms, including that in which the Emperor Charles V. is said to have abdicated his crown, 1556. The scene is represented with much vigour on a piece of old tapestry. From the windows I could see the spot where those noble patriots, Counts Egmont and Hoorne, died as martyrs to liberty. The old guild houses of the butchers, brewers, carpenters, and skippers are very odd. The gable of the latter respresents the stern of a large ship, with four protruding cannon.

In the art gallery I saw an admirable statue of Satan, which, embodied the conception of Milton's "ruined archangel" in a most marvellous manner. A statue of Eve with a serpent creeping to her ear, was exceedingly pathetic, with its manifest foredoom of the Fall. The portrait of Alva shows, in the thin lips and cruel eyes, the cold, stern, remorseless persecutor. But the strangest collection in Europe, probably, is that of the mad painter Wiertz, which fills an entire museum, many of the pictures being of gigantic size, and exhibiting Titanic strength of imagination. He was an ardent hater of war and of the great war maker, Napoleon. One painting represents with painful realism its horrors, and another, Napoleon in hell, confronted by the victims of his unhallowed ambition. "The Last Cannon" and the "Triumph of Christ" exhibit the final victory of Love over Hate, Cross over Corselet, Peace over War. There is a wild weirdness about many of his pictures that makes one shudder. He is fond, also, of practical jokes. Here a fierce mastiff is bounding out of his kennel. There a figure stands in a half-open door, as if about to enter. You look through an eye-hole and see a mad woman slaying her child, and through another and behold a prematurely buried man bursting his coffin. It is a chamber of horrors. Yet the execution is marvellous, and the *motif* of the picture is generally patriotic and humane.

THE EASTER GUEST.

Now let me come nearer, O Lord divine;
Make in my soul for Thyself a shrine;
Cleanse, till the desolate place shall be
Fit for a dwelling, dear Lord, for Thee.
Rear, if Thou wilt, a throne in my breast,
Reign, I will worship and serve my guest;
While Thou art in me—and in Thee I abide—
No end can come to the Eastertide.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA.*

It was on a bright August day that I left Halifax for a run through Eastern Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island. As the train swept around Bedford Basin, magnificent vistas by sea and land were obtained. As we advanced, the fair expanse of Grand Lake, and the beautiful valley of the Shubenacadie, gave variety to the scenery. The Shubenacadie is a large swift stream, and was at one time regarded as the future highway of commerce across the province. More than fifty years ago the people of Halifax resolved to construct a canal connecting this river with tide water at Dartmouth. Surveys were made and a number of locks were built, the stone for which, I was told, was all brought out ready hewn from Scotland—genuine Aberdeen granite—though not a whit better than that on the spot. But the canal was never built and never will be. The railway has more than filled its place, and the locks make picturesque ruins and water-falls along the projected route of the canal.

Colchester County, through which we are now passing, abounds in large tracts of rich intervale and excellent upland, which makes the district a good one for the farmer—one of the best in Nova Scotia. The pretty town of Truro, near the head of Cobequid Bay, with its elegant villas, trim lawns and gardens, and magnificent shade trees, presents a very attractive appearance. The Provincial Normal and Model Schools are noteworthy features of the place. The town is nearly surrounded by an amphitheatre of gracefully rounded hills, and on the west by the old diked meadows of the Acadian period.

On the Cobequid mountains, and on the upper waters of the Stewiacke River, are found considerable numbers of Caribou and Moose deer. There is also, for devotees of the rod, very fine fishing in some of the picturesque streams, such as that shown in our cut.

The branch of the Intercolonial running east from Truro

*For cuts 2, 3 and 4, illustrating this article we are indebted to the January number of that vigorous new monthy, the *American Magazine.*

passes through one of the most extensive coal-fields of Nova Scotia. It is said that there are no less than seventy-six fields of coal, with an aggregate thickness of not less than 14,750 feet.

Falls of the Tartague River.

Stellarton is a populous village, dependent almost entirely on the coal industry. New Glasgow is an important manufacturing and ship-building place, with extensive steel, iron and

glass works. The green hills by which it is surrounded contrast pleasantly with its somewhat grimy and smoky streets.

A short run by rail brings one down to Pictou Harbour, on the opposite side of which, sloping gracefully up from the water-side, is the old and wealthy town of Pictou, with about 4,000 inhabitants. Pictou has the honour of having given to Canada two of its most distinguished men—Sir J. W. Dawson, Principal of McGill University, Montreal, and the Rev. Dr. Grant, Principal of Queen's University, Kingston.

For a considerable distance east of New Glasgow the country is monotonous and uninteresting, though the glorious sunlight glittering on the ever-restless aspens and the lichen-covered rocks, brightens into beauty, what under a dull sky must be a sufficiently dreary outlook. At length, in the distance loom up the twin-towers of a huge cathedral, and the train draws up at the pretty Catholic village of Antigonish—the most picturesque in eastern Nova Scotia. The scene at the station is like a bit of Lower Canada—two nuns in a caleche, a couple of priests, a group of seminary students. But the people are Scottish, not French, Catholics. The cathedral is dedicated to the Scottish Saint, Ninian, and on the façade is the Gaelic inscription, Tighe Dhe—"the House of God." The Antigonish mountains, reaching an altitude of a thousand feet, trend off northward in a bold cape into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Tracadie is a small French settlement on the railway, commanding a splendid view of St. George's Bay and the Gulf. Here is a wealthy monastery, belonging to the Trappists, the most severe of the monastic orders. The monks, who are mostly from Belgium, add the business of millers to their more spiritual functions. The people belong to the old Acadian race, which gave such a pathetic interest to this whole region.

The railway runs on to the strait of Canseau, amid picturesque mountains, commanding magnificent views over the Gulf. This strait, the great highway between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the North Atlantic Coast, is some fourteen miles in length and about a mile in width. It is of itself a picture worth coming far to see, on account of its natural beauty; but when on a summer's day hundreds of sail are passing through, the scene is one to delight an artist's soul. On the Nova Scotia side the land is high and affords a glorious view, both of the strait and of the western section of Cape Breton. The prospect both up and down the strait is pleasing in the extreme.

It is traversed, it is claimed, by more keels than any other strait in the world, except that of Gibraltar. The steam whistle at its entrance, which is blown constantly in foggy weather, can be heard with the wind twenty miles, and in calm weather fifteen miles.

From Port Mulgrave, the railway terminus, small steamers convey tourists to Port Hood, in Cape Breton, and to the flourishing town of Guysborough, on the mainland.

Before we visit Cape Breton let us glance for a moment at its general characteristics. The island is so named from its early discovery by the mariners of Breton, in France. It is about one hundred miles long by eighty wide. The Sydney coal fields are of peculiar richness, and cover 250 square miles. The magnificent Bras d'Or Lakes are a great inlet of the sea, ramifying through the centre of the island and bordered by bold and majestic hills, rising to, in places, a height of over 1,000 feet. The scenery is of surpassing loveliness. To thread the intricate navigation by steamer is a delightful experience. The Great Bras d'Or is a channel from the sea of nearly thirty miles—a continuous panorama of bold and majestic scenery. The Little Bras d'Or is a narrow and river-like passage through which the tides sweep rapidly, and where the water-view is sometimes limited to a few score feet, so tortuous is the channel. The surrounding hills are not more than five or six hundred feet in height, but their pleasing lines, and purple shadows, and reposeful beauty delight the eye and rest the mind. Many of the inhabitants of the island are descendants of the original Acadian settlers, and retain the French language and the Roman Catholic religion. A larger proportion of the population are of Highland Scottish origin, and many of them still speak the Gaelic tongue.

The pleasure of visiting this delightful, but comparatively little known, part of Canada we enjoyed under especially favourable circumstances Taking the good steamer *Marion*, at Port Mulgrave, we sailed down the strait in the brilliant afternoon sunlight which made the grassy shores gleam like living emerald. We passed through a winding channel, dividing Cape Breton and Isle Madame. The latter was settled a century ago by Acadian exiles, whose descendants now number 5,000. They are mostly bold and skilful fishermen. It is a pleasant sight to see these sturdy fellows haul their boats ashore, as shown in our engraving. The fishing villages, of which the stables and out-houses—roofs and all—were white-

washed, shone like the snowy tents of an army. One sturdy peasant, who came down with his ox-team to the wharf, might just have stepped out of a picture by Millet. I was struck with the lonely little lighthouses which stud the channel, which seemed the very acme of isolation.

A Fishing Village—Cape Breton.

Our steamer passed through the recently constructed St. Peter's Canal, from the broad Atlantic to the secluded waters of the Bras d'Or Lake. It was so solitary, so solemn in the golden glow of sunset, that it seemed as if

> "We were the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea."

I will let the facile pen of Charles Dudley Warner describe the pleasant scene:

"The Bras d'Or is the most beautiful salt-water lake I have ever seen,

and more beautiful than we had imagined a body of salt-water could be. The water seeks out all the low places, and ramifies the interior, running away into lovely bays and lagoons, leaving slender tongues of land and picturesque islands, and bringing into the recesses of the land, to the remote country farms and settlements the flavour of salt, and the fish and mollusks of the briny sea. It has all the pleasantness of a fresh-water lake, with all the advantages of a salt one. So indented is it, that I am not sure but one would need, as we were informed, to ride 1000 miles to go round it, following all its incursions into the land. The hills around it are not more than 700 to 800 feet high, but they are high enough for reposeful beauty, and offer everywhere pleasing lines."

At length the saffron sky deepened into gold and purple and the gathering shadows hid the shores from view, except where the red light of Baddeck glimmered over the wave. I turned in early, that I might be up by daylight to see the beauty of the famous "Golden Arm." With the first dawn I was awake, and found the steamer threading a channel about a mile wide, between the lofty St. Anne range and the highlands of Boularderie. The farm-houses and fishermen's cottages seemed absolutely insignificant beneath the lofty wood-crowned hills behind them. Presently a lurid sunrise reddened the eastern sky and lit up the hill-tops, when I saw what seemed beacon fires, kindling all along the shore. But I soon found that it was the reflection of the level rays from the fishermens' windows. So illusory did it seem, that I was almost certain that they were camp-fires, till I found that they went out as rapidly as they had been kindled, when the angle of reflection was passed.

Soon we pass out of the channel into the ocean, exposed to the broad sweep of the Atlantic, leaving the surf-beaten Bird-rock, rising abruptly from the waves on the left, while to the right stretch away the stately mountains of St. Anne's, culminating in the ever-cloud-capped headland, Smoky Cape. At length we turn into a wide harbour, where we are told the mines run far beneath the sea. The steamer stops first at North Sydney—a busy coal-shipping port with a marine railway, and the relay station of the American submarine Cable, where all the news is transferred to the land-wires. About thirty or forty operators, I was informed, were employed.

Seven miles further and we reach Old Sydney—one of the most delightfully quaint and curious old-fashioned places to be found in America. On the high ridge are the remains of the old Government Building. For be it known, Sydney was once

an independent province with a parliament of its own. But its ancient grandeur is fading away. The shore is lined with decaying wharfs, and broken-backed and sagging houses—which seem as if they would slip into the water—with queer little windows, and very small panes of glass. I saw at Oxford, England, an old Saxon church, which looked less ancient than the Roman Catholic chapel of this town. On the dilapidated old court-house was the appropriate motto, FIAT JUSTITIA. But everything was not old. There were two new churches in course of erection, a large and imposing academy, elegant steam-heated houses, and a long and lofty coaling wharf, where they could load a ship with 300 tons of coal, or 70 cars, in an

NORTH SYDNEY, SHIP-RAILWAY.

hour, and where ocean-going steamers have received cargoes of 3,700 tons.

We have in Cape Breton a fine example of social stratification, a Scottish overlying an earlier French civilization. Many of the older people speak only Gaelic, and the preaching is often in that language. Among the guests at the hotel were two brothers, both born on the island, one returning with his wife from New Zealand—shrewd, keen, enterprising men, yet betraying their ancestral Gaelic by an occasional "whateffer" and "moreoffer." Speaking of the Sunday morning's sermon, one remarked to the other "Did you no think it the least bit short, you know?"—the first time I ever heard that complaint. Yet out of the great route of travel as Sydney is, I found in

the register the names of travellers from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Galt, Berlin, Nanaimo, B.C.—the latter come to study coal-mining, I judge.

I made the pleasant acquaintance of Captain Burchell and his wife, his brother and family, the Rev. Mr. Purvis, the popular Methodist minister, and others. I was glad to worship with the people called Methodists, and to give them a few words of friendly greeting, as I had a few months before greeted the Methodists on the Pacific Coast. I know no other country in which one may travel 4,000 miles in a straight line and find everywhere the ministers and members of the same Church.

On a bright sunny Monday morning, with the Methodist minister and a couple of good sailors, I went for a sail on the beautiful Sydney harbour. We sailed and tacked far up Crawley's Creek, a land-locked inlet of fairy loveliness, and then returning tacked boldly up the bay against a brisk head-wind. We raced along through the foaming water which curled over the combings of the yacht, and every now and then, with a lurch that brought one's heart into his mouth, the yacht encountered a wave that drenched one with the spray. I suppose it was great fun, but for my part I was very glad to get once more on *terra firma*.

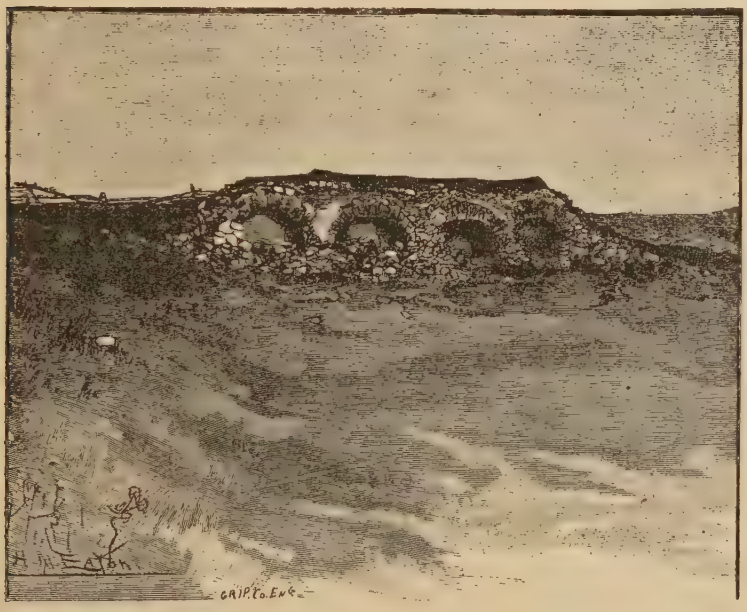
I had the pleasure of calling, before I left, on my friend Dr. Bourinot, who was on a visit to his ancestral home—the charming mansion of his late father, Senator Bourinot, who was for many years French Consul in the port. The little tree-shaded dock was kept with real man-of-war neatness. There used to be almost always a French frigate on the station, and the military music and stately etiquette gave quite an air of the olden time to society.

I found also time to visit the relay house of the French submarine Atlantic Cable. The officer in charge showed me the small mirror which is deflected to left or right by the interruptions of an electric current. A beam of light is thrown from a lamp on this oscillating mirror and thus the thoughts of men are flashed beneath the sea at the rate of thirty-five words a minute. It is very hard to watch steadily this beam of light. If one even winks he may lose a word or two. The ear can follow sound better than the eye the light, therefore this gentleman is trying, with good promise of success, to use a "sounder" instead of the mirror.

It was a great disappointment that I was not able to visit

the old fortress of Louisburg. But the railway had ceased to run trains, and in consequence of heavy rains the coach-road was in a very bad condition. Our engraving, however, accurately portrays the most salient feature that is left of the once most famous fortress in America.

In retracing my way through the Big Bras d'Or I had, through the courtesy of Captain Burchell, the opportunity of studying the striking scenery from the elevated pilot-house. The twilight shadows of deeper and deeper purple filled the glens and mantled over the broad slopes till it became too dark



Ruins of Louisburg.

to see, and I turned to the less esthetic, but more practical, rites of the supper-table. Here let me commend Steward Mitchell, of the *Marion*, as one of the best of caterers. His broiled mackerel were really a work of art. The steamer was crowded, no berths were to be had, so the steward made up a cot in the cabin and tucked me in my little bed just before we reached Baddeck. But the deck passengers were very noisy, and I found it impossible to sleep—we had a lot of Italian railway navvies, and Indians with their squaws—the latter carrying bundles of birch bark to build their next wigwam. So I went

ashore at Baddeck and stopped over for the next boat. Everybody in the town seemed to have come down to meet us by lamplight. Baddeck (accent on the second syllable) has become quite classical in its way since Charles Dudley Warner made his famous pilgrimage hither: "Having attributed the quiet of Baddeck on Sunday to religion," he says, "we did not know to what to lay the quiet on Monday. But its peacefulness continued. Mere living is a kind of happiness, and the easy-going traveller is satisfied with little to do and less to see."

But I found a good deal to see. The Dominion Customs House and Post Office is one of the most elegant "Queen Anne" structures I have anywhere seen. I visited the quaint old jail—a low log building, more like a country school-house than anything else but for the iron gratings on each window. The cells were not cells, but good-sized rooms with a fire-place and wide bed in each. A prisoner was looking cheerfully out of the front window, taking advantage of the unwonted stir in the little town—for it was court-day. To the court, therefore, I went and found that I formed one-ninth of its constitution—the others being the judge, clerk, tipstaff, defendant, lawyer, and three spectators.

It was not very lively, so I went to visit the Indian village. This I found much more interesting. The Indians were Micmacs, who are said to be of purer blood than any other tribe on the Atlantic Coast. I visited several wigwams, but found their inmates rather stolid and uncommunicative. One thing they had of much interest. In several cases I got them to turn out from their little boxes in which they kept their few belongings, their prayer-book and catechism, printed in arbitrary characters invented for them by the Trappist monks. The characters resemble a mixture of Greek and Russian with some cursive letters; not nearly so simple as the Cree characters, invented by the Rev. James Evans. The Indians could read them quite readily, especially the women; but although they spoke English fairly, they said they could not translate what they read. The books are printed, as the German title page announced, at the Imperial printing establishment, in the Imperial city of Vienna—in der Kaiserlichen stadt Wein in Oesterrelch. There was also a quaint picture of Christ—"the Way the Truth, the Life"—*Der Weg, die Wahrheit, das Leben.* Their religious training did not seem to have done much for the civilization of these Indians, for they were squalid and filthy

in the extreme. Yet it is said, that once a year they all meet at an appointed rendezvous, and all the marriages and christenings and other religious rites of the year are duly performed.

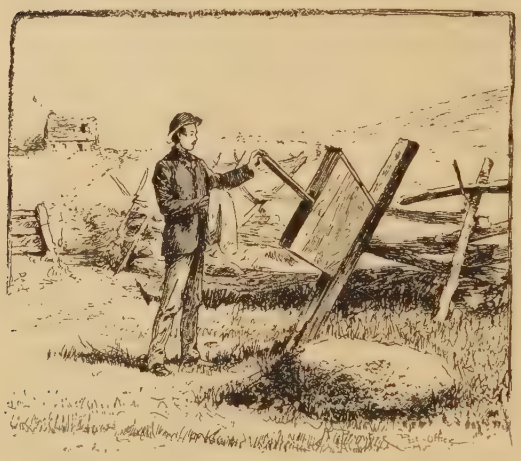
In the afternoon, on a tiny steamer, I sailed twenty miles up the winding St. Patrick's Channel, to Whycocomagh. Mr. Warner went by stage, and thus describes his adventures:

"Now we were two hundred feet above the water, on the hill-side skirting a point or following an indentation; and now we were diving into a narrow valley, crossing a stream, or turning a sharp corner, but always with the Bras d'Or in view, the afternoon sun shining on it, softening the outlines of its embracing hills, casting a shadow from its wooded islands. The reader can compare the view and the ride to the Bay of Naples and the Cornice Road; we did nothing of the sort; we held on to the seat, prayed that the harness of the pony might not break, and gave constant expression to our wonder and delight."

It was a lovely sail between wooded heights, at the narrows approaching so close that one could "toss a biscuit ashore." When we got to the very end of the channel, what was my surprise to see a good-sized vessel loading with cattle and sheep for St. John's, Newfoundland. Near the landing is a very fine hill of rugged outline, some 800 feet high—Salt Mountain. To this I betook me, and lounging on a couch of soft moss and grass, basking in the sunlight, enjoyed one of the grandest prospects in the maritime provinces. The Great Bras d'Or Lake was spread like a map beneath, an occasional vessel, winging its way across the placid surface; at my feet the little hamlet, and winding afar amid the hills the ribbon-like coach-road to Mabou and Port Hood. "This," I thought, "is one of the most sequestered spots in the Dominion." I had seldom felt so isolated from every one I had ever known. At this moment I saw creeping over the brow of the hill a group of climbers, the more adventurous spirits of a Sunday-school picnic; and the leader of the band was a fellow-townsman of my own, a young Congregational minister in charge of the church at Baddeck.

Not without an effort I tore myself away from the glorious view, as the sun gave his good-night kiss to the mountain's brow, and made my way to the little village. To our mutual surprise I was met by Stewart Mitchell, who the night before had put me in my cot on the steamer *Marion*, and thought I must be by this time two hundred miles away. His wife kept the inn and he was home on a visit, and soon gave fresh evidence

of his culinary skill. In few places can a man, at the proper season, do his marketing so easily as he can here. He can go to the garden foot and gather a pailful of oysters, which he fattens with oatmeal thrown upon the still water. He can step into his boat and drop a line, and draw in the finest salmon. He can stop on his way home, and gather ripe strawberries and fresh vegetables from his garden—and this in daily view of some of the loveliest scenery in the world.



Primitive Post Office, Cape Breton.

I had enjoyed my mountain-climb so much that I repeated it next day; but under the noon-day glare the prospect was not nearly so beautiful as in the soft afternoon light. A row boat crossing the harbour looked in the distance like one of those water ants we often see. It was very curious to watch through a glass the steamer emerging out of space and approaching the very mountain's base. I learned afterwards that I was the subject of a discussion on board, as to whether I was a sheep or a goat. When I rose from my mossy couch and waved my handkerchief I suppose they decided that I was neither.

Captain Burchell brought up his horse and carriage on the steamer—as is often done in this primitive country—to give his wife a drive over the mountains. He is a good example of a Nova Scotian globe-trotter—or rather sea-farer. There are not I suppose many great ports in the world which he has not visited. He took his wife—a captain's daughter of Yarmouth, N.S.—on a wedding trip from Bangor, Wales, to Singapore. She has travelled farther and seen more than most ladies.

I took a charming five-miles walk out of Baddeck to climb a lofty hill. The struggle between mountain glory and mountain gloom, as a strong east wind rolled heavy masses of cloud

over the sun-lit landscape, was very impressive. The houses seemed a spectral white against the sombre sky. I entered a peasant's log-house for a glass of milk; the meagre furniture was very primitive—a few home-made benches and a cradle, with a fire-place and a few iron and earthen pots. A kindly Scotch lad gave me a ride in his waggon, and asked if I were going to the "Sacrament," an ordinance soon to be administered, which was awakening deep interest far and wide. Prof. Bell, the American patentee of the telephone, has here an elegant villa.

That night I had the captain's cabin all to myself on the *Marion*, and next day arrived again at Port Mulgrave in a steady rain that dimmed and blurred, past recognition, the glorious landscape through which I had passed a few days before.

THE EASTER CROSS.

BY CARL SPENCER.

O CHRIST, whose cross began to bloom
With peaceful lilies long ago,
Each year above Thy empty tomb
More thick the Easter garlands glow.
O'er all the wounds of that sad strife,
Bright wreaths the new, immortal life.

The hands that once the cross upraised
All power in heaven and earth doth fill;
Of men desired, of angels praised,
Why sits He silent, waiting still?
Alas! in many a heart of pain
The Christ is crucified again.

Low lies the world He died to save,
And feels not yet her Easter morn;
Still holds the victory of the grave
O'er all His brethren younger-born.
His soul yet travails at their side,
Its long desire unsatisfied.

And yet the cross is dropping balm;
May we not come so near, at last,
That all the grief shall shine with calm,
And beauty hide the ashen past?
O, that our stone were rolled away!
O, that our cross could bloom to-day!

COREA, THE HERMIT NATION.*

BY THE REV. JOHN F. GERMAN, M.A.

As the title of this paper indicates, Corea† has, until quite recently, shut itself off almost entirely from communication with other nations. Little is known of the history of this peculiar people. Corea comprises the peninsula extending southward from the north-eastern coast of Asia. Besides this peninsula, which is about 400 miles long and 140 miles wide, it embraces a part of the main continent, and many adjacent islands. The length of the country from north to south is about 600 miles; its area 90,000 square miles; its population is variously estimated from 800,000 to 20,000,000 souls. Situated between the rival nations, China and Japan, Corea was compelled to adopt a policy of self-preservation, in order to defend itself against Chinese rapacity and Japanese ambition. The national policy of the Hermit Nation may be defined to be, "Courtesy to the East, respect to the West, tribute to both, and no foreigners wanted in the kingdom." This policy has made this land the last outstanding and irreconcilable scoffer among the nations. Corea is a mountainous country. A French missionary compares its general appearance to the ocean under a strong gale. The principal range of mountains runs from north to south along the eastern coast. No part of the country can properly be called a plain. It is well watered. The climate in the northern part is extremely cold. Large quantities of snow fall. In the southern part a temperate climate prevails.

The Coreans are usually tall, well built, and have straight, clearly-cut features. In complexion they are lighter than the Japanese. Some have clear skins and are ruddy. They are intelligent, frank, sociable, and religiously inclined. A white cotton dress is generally worn—thin in summer and padded in winter. Dresses of ceremony or rank are ornamented with coloured silk or hempen goods. The pantaloons are loose and tied at the feet. The men have their hair done up in pigtails, like the

* Many of the statements made in this article are taken from an illustrated volume entitled "Corea—Without and Within," by WM. ELLIOT GRIFFIS. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication. Other sources of information have also been used.

† Is also frequently spelled Korea.

Chinese, but it is wrapped up in a knot on the top of the head, and is covered by a hat made of horsehair, or by a long loose tunic. The feet are protected by straw sandals in dry weather, and by wooden clogs when the weather is wet. The dress of the peasant women does not differ materially from that of the

Corean Magnate of the Olden Time.

men. Many of the better class of women wear a skirt and waist, in rude imitation of European dress.

The houses, in general, are nothing more than rude huts, the lower part built of stone and mud, and the upper part of wood. Rarely is a house found with a second story. The rooms are small, and are devoid of furniture and ornamenta-

tion. Usually the inmates sit upon the bare floor, only the richest families using mats of straw; sometimes a rude bench or chair, covered with oiled paper, is offered to a foreign guest. Some houses have raised floors, under which the smoke from the fire is made to pass and warm the house. Their homes are usually poorly lighted. The houses of the common people have thatched roofs, while those of the more wealthy classes are often covered with tiles; sometimes the houses of the better classes are faced with stone, and pointed with cement. Dr. N. H. Allen says: "Seoul, the capital, seen from a high position, seems like a collection of hay stacks, that have wintered out; while interspersed among the thatched roofs of the poor are seen the tiled roofs of the gentry, surmounted by their patch of green trees and grass."

In the northern part of the country barley is the only grain that ripens. In the southern part, where a warmer climate and a richer soil are found, the country produces wheat, rice, millet and the potato. Most of the fruits found in our own country are produced in Corea, but are of inferior quality. In Japan, the ceilings of many of the temples are decorated with Corean wood, while in China it is in constant demand for general use. Horses of small size are found; also cattle, swine, the bear, leopard, fox, wolf, badger, and otter. Sheep and goats are reared by the king alone, and for sacrificial purposes. Birds of rich and varied plumage abound in the forests.

The Corean silk-worm supplies a raw fibre that is tough, glossy, and possessed of such qualities as make it much sought after. The $30,000 worth of raw silk exported recently in one year is probably the beginning of a growing trade in this commodity. The cotton produced possesses that fine silky fibre so much esteemed among cotton-spinners. "From it the famous cloth-like paper of Corea is made, which is so thick, tough and durable, that Chinese tailors use it as a lining for winter coats. It is also used for money, towels, waterproof garments, tablecloths, hats, and even partitions."

The harvest of the sea is not the least source of wealth to Corea. On the western coast the variety, beauty and abundance of the various finny tribes are the theme of naturalists. It is said gold, silver, copper, iron, and coal are abundant, but mining is strictly prohibited, and these resources are consequently not developed."

Tea is not taken as a common beverage, the people using

instead rice-water, and infusions of ginger and orange peel. The natives use mustard and pepper in abundance as seasoning. At a dinner given to the Japanese Treaty Commissioners the following bill of fare was provided, viz.: "Boiled pork with rice wine, boiled eggs, pastry, flour, sesame and honey pudding, dried persimmons, and roasted rice with honey." The Coreans also use taro (an egg-shaped potato) lily-bulbs, sea-weed, and various combinations as unknown in their composition to us as some of our preparations would be to them.

The education of the masses has been sadly neglected. Christianity has brought to this people rich blessings in this regard. There is a Royal Corean College, in which, however, until quite recently, there was but one foreign teacher, and he was a professed infidel. This institution is now in charge of three competent Christians instructors from the United States, and is diffusing a liberal education among the higher classes. Bishop H. W. Warren, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, recently opened a beautiful brick school-building, which he said was the gift of the United States to Corea. The cost of this building completed will be about $7,000 (Mexican). All classes are admitted to this school. The ages of the pupils range from seven to thirty-two years. The Presbyterian Church is doing a good work for general education, and sustains a medical college, with an attendance of twenty. The same Church also sustains an Orphanage.

There are now in attendance at an Academy in Tokio, Japan, seven Corean young men, and two Corean girls are being educated at the American Mission Home at Yokohama. In the United States there are several Corean students. In California there are three political refugees, "men of noble blood and of liberal ideas, once high in office." They are studying the language, religion, and institutions of that Christian land, and doubtless the day is not far distant when these distinguished men shall return to their native land, to instruct and guide their fellowmen in the way of truth. The literature of Corea is very limited. The New Testament has been translated into the native tongue by Scotch missionaries. "Pilgrim's Progress," Dr. Martin's "Evidences of Christianity," and a few other religious works are published in the Corean language.

Extreme degradation is the portion of woman in Corea. At her birth a name is given to her, but she is never called by it. On her wedding day her name is made known to her husband,

but if he ever calls her by it, it is when no one can hear him. She is known as "the daughter," "the sister," "the wife," or "the mother" of such a one. Marriage is a matter of arrangement between the heads of the families concerned—the bride

Corean Officer.

and bridegroom ofttimes not seeing each other until they meet at the marriage ceremony. The women live in almost entire seclusion, rarely visiting even their own sex. Many of the houses have separate apartments for the women, that they

may be kept in greater seclusion. In the small rooms assigned them they pass most of their dreary lives, meekly performing their daily drudgery, without mental culture, or a knowledge of the outside world. "A Corean of good taste only occasionally holds a conversation with his wife, whom he regards as far beneath him." It is not proper for a widow to remarry. In the higher classes a widow is expected to weep for her deceased husband, and to wear mourning all her life. Woman is destitute of social influence, and is not held responsible in the sight of the law for her actions.

When a woman, from some necessity, goes from one house to another, a large box-like conveyance, with a lid, is brought by coolies to her house and left. It is then carried by servants into her room. She gets into it, the lid is shut, and by servants she is carried to the street. Coolies carry her to the house she is to visit. Servants carry her into the house, and she is then permitted to come forth from her closed conveyance. The same ceremony is observed on her return journey. Sadness and weariness mark the countenances of even the youngest women.

In some of the cities a glimmer of western civilization shines out upon woman's dreary condition. It is a legal enactment that women are not allowed on the streets before nine o'clock p.m., and men are not allowed on the streets after that hour. At the hour named a huge bell is rung as a signal that the time has come when the women may go out, and the men must come in. If any man is so unfortunate as to find himself at a distance from home when he hears the bell, he hastens home with all possible speed, in order to escape the severe punishment that would be meted out to him if he were detected. What a marvellous transformation would be effected in our towns and cities if this law were in force in Canada.

Intoxication is produced by a liquor made from rice, and the Coreans are very fond of the various kinds of imported liquors. When a gentleman of high rank visits another he is expected to take with him not only presents, but all the food he will require, and food also for the family he visits.

The king is an absolute monarch, to whom the greatest respect is paid. He rarely leaves the palace to go abroad, but when he does, it is made the occasion of a great military display. For his accommodation two sedan chairs, made exactly alike, are provided. In which of them the king is riding no one knows

excepting the highest ministers. The king's palace is the grandest public building in the kingdom, but was by accident burned a few years ago. Travellers speak of its white granite walls, pavilion, spacious grounds, and pleasure lake. The pavilion, approached by three bridges of granite, is over one hundred feet long by ninety feet wide. The king's audience hall still stands upon five terraces of granite. The roof, seventy feet high, is ceiled with wooden panels elaborately painted, and is supported by twelve huge polished pillars of timber four feet thick and seventy feet in length, composed of one single piece. These superb columns are furnished by the magnificent trees of the Corean forests.

The present king is about forty years of age, short in stature, of intelligent countenance, and pleasing polished manners. He is well acquainted with foreign inventions, social customs and political relations. In the affairs of state he is remarkably progressive. The queen is tall for a Corean woman, is pleasing and intelligent in conversation, and at official receptions conducts herself with grace and dignity. The Crown Prince is sixteen years of age, is as tall as his father, and is married. The mode of living of the Royal family does not differ materially from the style followed by persons in good society in our own land. It is said the queen pays her physician, Miss Annie Ellers, $18,000 per year for her services. The revenue for the maintenance of the royal family is derived from duties paid on all things the country produces, or that is imported.

The principal advisers of the king are the three ministers, viz.: Admirable Councillor, the Councillor of the Left, and the Councillor of the Right. Next to these ministers in authority are six Boards of Government, viz.: 1. Office and public employ; 2. Finance; 3. Ceremonies; 4. War; 5. Justice; 6. Public Works. The kingdom is divided into eight provinces, over each of which a governor is appointed. The provinces are subdivided into 332 districts, over each of which an officer presides. In theory each of these positions is eligible to any Corean who, upon examination, proves himself qualified to fill it, but actually most of them are filled by persons from the higher ranks of society. In ordinary civil cases the presiding officer of a district is absolute judge within his district. More important matters are referred to the Provincial Governor, or to the King. Criminal cases are decided by the military officers, but an appeal from their decision may be made to the Great

Court that meets at the capital for the purpose of hearing such cases. Public officials, and persons accused of treason or rebellion, are tried by a special court, the members of which are named by the King. Severe torture is oftimes employed in judicial proceedings. Decapitation is the usual form of execution in civil and military cases. The Government of Corea has made treaties with Great Britain, the United States, France, Germany and Russia. The King has sent ministers to each of these countries, and each of them has a representative in the Corean capital.

Buddhism, until the fourteenth century, was the official religion of Corea. It then gave place to Confucianism, which continues to be the established religion. The worship of ancestors is common, and consequently great importance is attached to funeral ceremonies, mourning and tombs. Astrologers and fortune-tellers abound in all parts of the country. Christianity, under the form of Roman Catholicism was introduced into Corea in 1782. The representatives of this form of religion were doubtless very heroic in their efforts to propagate their faith ; but here, as in Japan, they produced the impression that Christianity meant disloyalty, and aroused relentless persecution. Because of the fierceness of the opposition all missionary operations ceased in 1866. Not one foreign priest was then known to be in the country.

In the American Encyclopædia it is stated, "the Coreans oppose not only the introduction of Christianity, but of all foreign civilization and commerce." This statement was no doubt true when made, but a wonderful awakening has recently come upon the slumbering nation, and the nightmare of ignorance and superstition is rapidly disappearing. In June, 1884, the Rev. Dr. Maclay, Superintendent of Methodist Episcopal Missions in Japan, visited Corea. The King received him with courtesy and kindness, and assured him no objection would be made to the introduction of Protestant Christianity into his kingdom. The work has extended so rapidly, that last year the Missionary Society was asked to grant $24,127 to assist in its extension. The committee granted $18,266.

The American Presbyterian Church has three missionaries in the capital. The United Presbyterian Church of Scotland is doing a good work, especially in translating the New Testament, and suitable tracts, into the language of the country. These publications are eagerly sought by the Coreans. Mr. H. B.

Hulbert, a resident of the capital, writes under recent date; "In the treaty between this country and the United States, the only clause that bears in any way upon missionary work is that books which are obnoxious to the Government shall not be sold by foreigners in the interior. By the interior is meant all the territory excepting the ports open to foreigners. The Government cannot but be aware that Protestant Christian work is being done, and yet not a single remonstrance or hint of dissatisfaction has been heard." The Government is strongly in favour of Western civilization. A missionary recently made an extended tour into the country, and reports that there are hundreds of people who desire to be baptized, and make a profession of Christianity. Repeatedly persons walk long distances to receive instructions from missionaries. A native church is established in the capital, and one in the north with a membership of over one hundred. Many prominent and promising Corean young men, who have been seeking an education in Japan, have been converted, and have joined the Christian Church. Corea presents to-day a most promising field for Christian toil. She has abandoned the condition of national hermitage. Opened by American diplomacy, moored by the electric cable to the rest of the world, bound by treaty to further acts of comity, her ambassadors visiting other nationalities, her once sealed capital the home of the legations from Christian lands, her people studying and embracing Christianity at home and abroad, her ports open to American and European commerce, the future of this interesting people seems unusually hopeful.

The King has adopted the electric light for illuminating his palace, and is gratified at the result. If he and his people will only allow the Sun of Righteousness to shine in the palace, in the Government, in the schools, in business, in the homes, and in the individual life, there will come to all concerned the truest liberty, and the greatest prosperity. May the day not be long delayed when this nation that has so long sat in darkness, shall see and receive the true light.

WHITBY, Ont.

Four things which are not in thy treasury,
I lay before thee, Lord, with this petition:
My nothingness, my wants,
My sins and my contrition.
—*Southey.*

MACDONALD'S LIFE OF DR. PUNSHON.

BY REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., B.D.

II.

I HAVE a vivid remembrance that when on the old Griffintown Circuit, Montreal, I laboured as a young man with Rev. Dr. Douglas, among my choicest friends were the late Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Hadley. Mrs. Hadley was an English woman of unusual piety and intelligence, and was a young lady living in Carlisle during Mr. Punshon's pastorate there, and I have listened for hours to her descriptions of his appearance and surpassing popularity. She described him as a young man with round boyish face, his auburn hair, thick and curly; his eyes, keen and piercing; his figure, muscular, but thin; and his appearance and manner, most refined and gentleman-like. He would enter the pulpit with modest, downcast look, and read the hymn in such a way as to arrest the attention of everyone. His voice, she described as being husky at the start, but always clear and ringing to the close. She dwelt upon his beautiful enunciation and the emphasis he would give every now and then to certain words; and the sermons she described as gardens of loveliness, filled with flowers of every variety of beauty, and charm of shape, and colour and perfume. His influence over the young people, she described as very great; his genial, sunny, yet dignified ways, drawing all around him, and getting them to see new blessedness and joy in religious things. Mr. Macdonald in one of the finest pieces of description in the book, pictures the crowded congregations in the old Fisher St. Chapel, all under the spell of his pulpit powers.

"The recognized classifications of orthodox and heterodox, Church-people and Nonconformists, professional men and tradespeople, were confounded in this new order of things. Persons found themselves side by side in the Methodist chapel who had never been in one before, who had never met one another there or elsewhere. Anglican clergymen, Dissenting ministers, Roman Catholics and Quakers, gentlefolks from the city, and squires from the country, lawyers and doctors, shopkeepers, farmers, and labourers, with here and there an itinerant actor—all sorts and conditions of men to be found in or near the old border capital, flocked to hear the young preacher, and to be excited, subdued, moved by a pulpit oratory unlike anything they had ever heard.

"It was not subtlety or originality of thought, or novelty of doctrine, that drew the crowds and held them in breathless, and often painful, suspense. In respect of doctrine it was Methodist preaching as generally understood, and there was little sign of new or deeper insight into familiar truth; but there was a glow, a sweep, an exultant rush of quick-following sentences, exuberant in style—too much so, a critic might say,—that culminated now and then in passages of overwhelming declamation, or sank to a pathos that brought tears to unaccustomed eyes. His whole soul was in his work. The ornate musical sentences, full of harmonious delights for the ear, were no mere literary devices; they were his natural modes of expression, raised and quickened by the emotions of the preacher's heart. His voice, often harsh and husky at first, would clear and strengthen as he proceeded, revealing unexpected range and power of modulation. His constrained, uneasy attitude grew free and graceful; he stood erect, the left arm held behind him, with his right hand, instinct with nervous life, he seemed to grasp his audience, to summon and dismiss arguments, to cut his way through difficulties, until, with uplifted face, radiant with spiritual light, both hands were outstretched in impassioned climax, or raised as in contemplation of some glory seen from afar." Pp. 63-64.

At the Manchester Conference of 1849, he was ordained, the charge being delivered by Rev. Dr. Newton, and appointed to Newcastle-upon-Tyne. With his ordination vows fresh upon him, he took upon him the vows of matrimony, for immediately after Conference, he was married to Miss Maria Vickers, of Gateshead, an amiable, intelligent and devoted young lady, the child of Christian parents, and well-fitted by character, culture and personal experience of Divine grace, to be a true help-meet to her husband. Sustained by a firm trust in God, and by the sympathy of his true-hearted young wife, he went to his new and difficult appointment. The "agitation" in connection with the "fly-sheets" and the expulsion of Revs. Everett, Dunn and Griffith, greatly disturbed his Tyne-side Circuit of sixteen hundred members; but the tide of his mighty pulpit popularity swept everything before it. The sphere of his labours was continually widening, and all the border counties were roused, dazzled and taken captive by this young Apollos, so eloquent and mighty in the Scriptures.

Amid the ever-broadening circle of life and labours, the biographer gives what is all too rare in the volume, some glimpses of his happy home-life. His domestic affections were the strongest, he loved home, and in the midst of unremitted exertions his heart turned homeward, as the centre of his happiness, and in his family life he found a joy amounting to rapture. In December, 1850, Fanny Morley was born, and before he left

Newcastle, John William. How, his father-heart rejoiced over these treasures, and how the life went out of him when they were taken away.

From Newcastle, he was removed to Sheffield, where his pulpit and platform engagements multiplied, and he began to feel the strain of these ever-increasing labours. Here he received—a minister of but seven years' standing—an invitation from the Missionary Committee, in London, to preach and speak at the May anniversary. His rising reputation had made it necessary that he should be heard at the headquarters of the connexion. Of this London work, he wrote to a friend, "I exceedingly fear and quake."

What the biographer says of his first appearance at Exeter Hall, will be read with deep interest—

"The words of the young and eloquent speaker produced a great impression. It was felt that another man had arisen to stand among the foremost defenders and advocates of Christian Missions. And from that hour it was so. He had taken possession of Exeter Hall, to retain it to his life's end. Of all who have trodden its historic platform none have moved the eager thousands that pack within its walls with completer mastery than he. The promise of this was discerned by some, at least, of those who heard his first speech. But in looking back upon that meeting an interest attaches to it which time only could bring to light. It was Robert Newton's last appearance at the anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and Morley Punshon's first. For the first and last time they stood together in the cause with which their names must always be linked. The elder handed the torch to the younger and passed away. That May morning, in 1853, divides the earlier from the later period of missionary advocacy. The name of Robert Newton may stand for the one, the name of Morley Punshon for the other." P. 89.

Mr. Punshon himself, writing about the meeting to his intimate friend, Rev. Thos. McCullagh, says:—

"The most gratifying thing to me was, not the crowded congregations on Sabbath, nor the reception at the meeting, though it was warm, but that after the meeting, the old doctor—the great lion—the veritable *Jabez Bunting*, hobbled across the committee-room for the express purpose of shaking hands with me, and telling me that it gave him pleasure to see and hear me there." P. 89.

And he adds—

"Fancy the change from Exeter Hall to Peasenhall, down in the wilds of Suffolk, beyond the limits of the twopenny post, where I began the missionary sermon with *four* people, and the collection at the meeting was five-and-twenty shillings!"

His visit to London brought him an invitation to lecture for the Young Men's Christian Association, at Exeter Hall, and the response to this summons proved to be one of the most important events in his entire career.

I distinctly remember Dr. Punshon telling me how he came to deliver his first lecture, and to adopt his sermonlike style of lectures. The Exeter Hall lectures formed one of the agencies of the Young Men's Christian Association for promoting the spiritual and mental improvement of the young men of the metropolis. Mr. W. Edwyn Shipton, the Secretary, had heard him preach his sermon on Elijah, and struck with his power to portray character, his chaste and classical diction, his captivating and impressive delivery, he at once suggested to him that he transform the sermon into a lecture for young men, giving it a little wider range and more elastic mode of treatment. He faltered and hesitated, but at length consented and began to rearrange his matter, and elaborate his discourse under the title of "The Prophet of Horeb." Many a time he repented his rash promise, and was on the eve of giving up the effort. He thought it presumption to undertake to make his disguised sermon interesting and profitable to that lecture-audience of two or three thousand. But, the oration was completed, and at the time announced, delivered, and let the author relate in his own inimitable way, Mr. Punshon's first triumph as a lecturer.

"On the 17th of January, 1854, he delivered his lecture on 'The Prophet of Horeb,' in Exeter Hall, to nearly three thousand people. He spoke for two hours with perfect command of himself, his subject, and his audience." "Towards the close," says one who was present, "There was the stillness and solemnity of death, you might have heard a feather fall in that vast assembly; and when the last sentence had fallen from his lips, the whole audience rose *en masse* and cheered till it could cheer no more." Pp. 91-92.

His ministry in Sheffield, terminated at the Conference of 1855, and was in every way a successful one. Concerning it, he himself writes:—

"My course in Sheffield has been a very happy one. The circuit was low, and it has been raised by the blessing of God upon our labours. We have added about three hundred members in the course of the last year. For twelve months we have scarcely had a Sabbath evening without witnessing conversions. Three of us hold prayer-meetings after every service, save, of course, on sacramental occasions, and the good resulting from this old-fashioned plan is inestimable. I have had agreeable colleagues." P. 92.

It is refreshing to think of his returning from anniversary

services, missionary meetings and crowded lecture halls; from a ministry through the connexion at large, to meet classes, hold prayer-meetings, preach and labour for the salvation of souls. It was his chiefest delight to bring sinners to God, and brilliant preacher though he was, while thousands went away from his sermon, to admire, not a few went away to repent and seek after God. He has often told me, with the tears in his eyes, that no joy in his ministry was equal to the joy that was given him in the conversion of souls. He hungered for this. No one who knew anything of his inner life, could doubt the depth and genuineness of his devotion to God, or that he used his exceptional popularity in the service of his Master, and for the highest good of men. He was deprived of all leisure and retirement, he had to live in public and amid constant excitements. He had always to meet high-pitched expectation, and was keyed up to the loftiest efforts, yet, his piety was deep and fervent, and he constantly longed for the heart of purity, and the tongue of fire. I have travelled with him thousands of miles on the swift rail, the steamer, the stage-coach, yet, everywhere he cultivated the spirit of prayer and quiet waiting upon God, and was in the regular habit of reading daily some book of devotion. Amid the perils of popularity, his spiritual life was supported, and prayer was his constant resource. Mr. Macdonald, has well put the dangers of the popular preacher—

"Interpreting God's will by all the indications of it that are within our reach, we conclude that it was by the will of God that William Morley Punshon came to be the most itinerant member of the itinerant ministry to which he belonged."

"But a price has to be paid for this. The price is, in part, the toil of constant travelling, with absence from home and family, and, in part, a certain peril to the inner life, deprived of quiet resting-places, and given over to hurry and excitement. What time is there for patient waiting upon truth, for meditation, for 'the harvest of a quiet eye,' and of a mind at leisure? What discipline is to preserve the simplicity of one who is followed by eager, expectant crowds? How is humility to live in an atmosphere shaken by the frequent applause of multitudes? When all men speak well of him, can he do other than think well of himself? And after crowded services, breathless congregations, and admiration and homage of many kinds, how will he be disposed for humble exercises of prayer, and self-examination, for ministering to the sick and sorrowful, and showing piety at home?

"Mr. Punshon's journal reveals his jealousy over his own soul. It shows him humbled, depressed, sorrowful, even in the days of his most abundant popularity. He was never content to live upon the applause, so lavishly bestowed upon him, and at times it only helped to distress him. There

was a region of his spiritual life from which both world and Church were shut out, where not a breath of the praise of men was allowed to enter, where he knelt perpetually—humble, penitent, prayerful—at the feet of Jesus." P. 105.

From Sheffield Mr. Punshon removed to Leeds, another stronghold of Yorkshire Methodism, where, besides performing the duties of his own circuit, he went on with his itinerant ministry through the Connexion at large, visiting nearly one hundred different towns each year, preaching and lecturing. Here Mrs. Punshon's health began to decline, and thenceforth she became the loved object of untold solicitude and anxiety to her husband.

At the Conference of 1858, Mr. Punshon, at the age of thirty-four, was called to populous London, Hinde Street Circuit, and Bayswater was chosen as a suitable place of residence for his invalid wife. The claims upon him now became almost innumerable, but while the people flocked to hear him and packed the largest buildings, the heart of the rarely-gifted preacher was wrung with sorrow and the bitterness of death. His wife's mother died under his roof in October, 1859, and one dreary afternoon in November of the same year, the beloved wife of his youth "languished into life." "Going, going to glory" were her last words.

In the midst of his overwhelming sorrow he writes, "I have consecrated myself afresh to the great work to which God has called me. My darling children are very interesting and affectionate. God gives me comfort in them amid my grief and trouble." Out of this seven-fold heated furnace he emerged into a more tender heart-searching and successful ministry, for the prophet who consoles others must him be "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

While at Bayswater, Mr. Punshon set himself to raise by his lecture on "The Huguenots," the sum of one thousand pounds for the old chapel at Spitalfields. The amount was raised in six months, but what an excessive bodily and mental tension this labour of love cost him no one can tell. His second term in the Metropolis was spent at Islington, where his popularity and influence still extended, and honours and successes crowded thick upon him. Here he commenced the arduous task of raising by lectures and other means £10,000 to give grants to aid in the erection of chapels in places of summer resort. The proceeds of his lectures on "Daniel in Babylon," "Macaulay,"

"Wesley and his Times," and "Wilberforce," were devoted to his watering-places fund. Not only did this freely-assumed burden and responsibility draw lavishly upon his great strength, but there were other special claims making demands at the same time upon one of such abounding popularity, as appeals on behalf of the distressed in Lancashire, arising out of the "Cotton Famine;" the Jubilee Missionary movement of 1863, and the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund of 1865.

The stress of incessant work was too great. His health and spirits began to give way; he was the victim of a strange nervous affection which compelled him to desist from lecturing for nearly two years, and to give up all week-day engagements. He sought rest and change in travel on the continent, accompanied by his faithful friend, Rev. Gervase Smith. The extracts from this journal of travel form one of the most attractive portions of the biography. Few men enjoyed travel more than he, and with what zest and brilliant imagery he has described the historic places visited; "the beauty and chivalry" of Brussels, the field of Waterloo, Strasburg and Lucerne with Rigi and Pilatus, the Staubbach Falls, Berne and Lausanne, Lake Maggiore and Milan, with its famous Duomo and Church of St. Ambrose. How he loved that marble wilderness, Milan's Cathedral. On his last homeward journey, stricken with his fatal illness, as we reached Turin and rested there for three days, he insisted that I should go on to Milan and see that "poem in stone," as well as visit the old church in which St. Ambrose ministered and where Augustine heard the words of Life.

He endeavoured also to see all sides of foreign questions, enter into continental life, politics and religion. He records his impressions of the work of Christian missions in Europe as far as they passed under his keen eye, and returns from a journey of 3,000 miles, "having seen nineteen lakes, sixty-five rivers, fifty-two towns of more than 10,000 inhabitants, and crossed both Alps and Appenines. The enumeration is characteristic of the man.

On his return to Clifton he was able to resume in part his circuit duties, but was obliged to "go softly." Next year he made another journey to Italy, the route chosen being by way of Genoa, Pisa and the Riviera. In pleasant journeyings with loved companions, amid the beauties of nature and art, his health and spirits rapidly improved, he was recovering something of his old buoyancy and vigour.

About this time he wrote to Ridgale, the friend of his boyhood, "Do you ever essay poetry now? I am foolish enough to meditate another volume, a sort of Methodist Christian Year. Whether it will ever appear time only can decide. The muse is capricious and wilful, and chooses the times of her visits and inspirations." Partly as a solace and a recreation, and partly as a service to Christ, he prepared his quiet meditations in verse for the Sundays of a year; and in 1867 published "Sabbath Chimes," the "offering of a year's enforced pause amid the activities of a busy ministry." The volume in its general method and spirit is an imitation of Keble's "Christian Year," and of it Mr. Macdonald says:

"His 'Sabbath Chimes' was not unworthy of him; it did not injure the reputation which he had secured by labours of another kind; it gave pleasure, and ministered to the devotion of many; it contains many a strong, and many a soothing stanza; it is free from the morbid, the sickly, the superstitious; its doctrine is Scriptural, its spirit reverent towards God, sympathetic towards man; it contributed a strain or two to the permanent enrichment of spiritual song; but, if it be asked, twenty years after its publication, whether the writer derives reputation from his book, or the book from its writer, there can be no doubt as to the answer that must be given. In other words, Mr. Punshon was, first and last, a preacher, and his achievements in other directions, including that of poetry, remain unmistakably subordinate." P. 263.

He had a deep, rich nature, a fine and fertile imagination, an intuitive perception of the beautiful in thought and phrase; he possessed "the vision and faculty divine"; in short, all the susceptibilities and tastes of the poet, but his powers had not been concentrated upon poetry as an art, and his life had been too busy for great literary industry and the highest style of authorship. The completion of this volume of verse may have given him something of the feelings experienced by the great Wizard of the North, Sir Walter Scott, when he wrote the publisher on the last proof-sheet of his immortal work "Rob Roy":—

"With very great joy
I send you Roy.
'Twas a tough job,
But we're done with Rob."

The "Chimes," however, will ring out their sacred peals on the Sabbath air for generations yet to come, and kindle the devotional life of thousands of the saints of God.

Mr Punshon began once more to resume public work, and to

the great delight of the entire Connexion reappeared upon the platform of Exeter Hall at the May missionary meeting. In June he accompanied the Rev. William Arthur to Belfast to attend the Irish Conference, and completed his undertaking on behalf of the Watering Places Chapel Fund by raising the magnificent sum of £10,697. By this noble and self-imposed effort was secured the erection of twenty-four new chapels in watering places, and the enlargement and improvement of a dozen more. Nearly eleven thousand sittings were added to the church accommodation of Methodism, while the sum raised through his labours was the means of calling forth from local efforts no less an amount than £62,727. It may be said that this movement constituted "a new departure" in Wesleyan chapel building in England. These chapels, almost without exception, are elegant specimens of architecture, and a permanent adornment of these charming sea-side resorts.

During the year 1867 came the request from the Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada to the Parent Conference for "the appointment of Rev. Wm. Morley Punshon as its next President, and that he be permitted to travel through the Connexion the current year." The Conference acceded to the request, and made the desired appointment. Mr. Punshon was further, by an almost unanimous vote, appointed Representative of the British Conference to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, to be held in Chicago in the following May. His ministry at Clifton closed in August, 1867, and the months intervening between this time and the following April, when he was to find "a vocation and a home beyond the sea," was spent in travel on the Continent, and in preaching and lecturing in various parts of the country.

His last public engagement was a lecture in Exeter Hall, on *Florence and its Memories*. Two hours before the appointed time the approaches to the doors were crowded, and at the close of the lecture the immense audience, who had been raised to the highest point of enthusiasm by his glowing and impassioned periods, sprang to their feet, waved their hats and handkerchiefs, and by the most tumultuous applause, again and again renewed, testified their delight, and conveyed their good wishes for his future.

The biographer seeks to reach the secret of Mr. Punshon's oratorical greatness, and to analyse the elements of his power.

The learned Professor is inclined to follow the bent of his own genius, which is critical and philosophical, rather than sink his own idiosyncrasies and individuality in a faithful portraiture of his subject, leaving his sermons and lectures to take their own settled place in the public estimation.

The biographer is an admirable critic, but we cannot help thinking that in this instance he has unduly magnified his office.

W. P. Frith, R.A., in his charming Autobiography and Reminiscences, advises all artists, young and old, never to read art criticisms, for nothing is to be learned from them, and much undeserved pain is often inflicted. True, there is here the utmost kindliness displayed; he would "hint the fault and hesitate dislike," always in the kindest spirit; yet one has to confess now-and-then to a groan of impatience over the biographer's performance in this direction.

It is open to question whether, with all the many-sidedness of the writer's views and feelings, he has not, in his very qualified estimate of Dr. Punshon's lectures, overlooked the fact that the orators speak, and must speak, for present and immediate effect, for, except in the present, what good can speaking do. He read, and thought, and prepared his discourses with his great audiences before his mental vision, so that his clear, and powerful, and brilliant eloquence is not to be measured after the standard of the writer who carefully prepares an elaborate treatise for the scholarly reader. Nor should it be forgotten that these productions were the outpourings of a man of great power and thought, but of one whose life was so eager, and hurried, and public, that he was incessantly going from place to place, and had little time for profound and consecutive study.

The blemishes and imperfections noted in the lectures on "Bunyan," and on "Science and Literature in relation to Religion," are not to be wondered at, for they were produced in his earlier years; yet for even these efforts the public had an admiration that scarcely stopped short of worship, and it is almost impossible to convey to the present generation the intense delight with which his thrilling and dazzling orations were received. Mr. Macdonald pays a high compliment to his ministerial fidelity when he says of his lectures: "They were but sermons carried from the pulpit to the platform, more broadly handled, and set forth with greater freedom of illustration and wealth of language."

On April 14, 1868, Mr. Punshon quitted the shores of much-

loved England for the New World. The record of his life and work on this continent is presented in five chapters, written by his son-in-law, Professor Reynar. With excellent judgment, Professor Reynar allows Dr. Punshon to tell his own story in delightful letters and extracts from his journal. His first official duty was to convey to the General Conference at Chicago the fraternal greetings of the British Conference. I had the privilege of hearing his memorable address. I had stood in the gallery of the Conference Church, wedged in among hundreds, for more than an hour before the time announced for the representatives to be introduced. The great British orator was greeted with thunders of applause. In a few crisp sentences he won his hearers, and then, for an hour, he stirred their pulses, and their sensibilities, and swayed them at will, by his magnetic utterance, and the spell of his speech. The breathless attention, the rapturous applause of that great audience I can never forget, and the effect of his address was simply indescribable.

On Sabbath afternoon he preached in the Opera House, and long before the hour announced the crowds swayed up and down before the entrances. When the doors were opened there was one rush up the broad staircases into the spacious auditorium, until every inch of standing room was occupied. The sermon was founded upon Hebrews 12th chapter, 22–24 verses: "But ye are come unto Mount Zion," etc. The immense congregation was held spell-bound as he rose from climax to climax, pressing home upon the heart and the conscience the great truths of the Gospel, while the closing appeals of the earnest ambassador for Christ were uttered with an eloquence that defies description.

His first Canadian Conference was held in Kingston, June, 1868. My ministerial brethren of that time will remember how high were our expectations, and how fully they were met. Some of the men of the platform had fears lest his executive and administrative ability might not stand the test, but he showed a surprising mastery of details, and conducted the business of the Conference with an impartiality and despatch that delighted all. The Conference sermon is remembered as one of the most tender, spiritual and inspiring that ever fell from his lips, and the glow of language, the beauty of illustration, were merged in a spiritual intensity and unction in delivery that were even rare to him.

He secured a house in Toronto, owned by the late Mr. Robert Walker, and in August, his family having arrived, he writes:

"Thank God they are here safe, and our four months' exile is over at last."

On the 15th of the same month he was united in marriage to Fanny Vickers, Rev. Dr. Ryerson performing the marriage ceremony.

Miss Vickers was the sister of his deceased wife, and had for ten years filled a mother's place to his four children—the only mother whom two had ever known. He loved her with a true devotion, but the English law declared marriage with a deceased wife's sister illegal. He would have submitted to that law, iniquitous and oppressive though he believed it to be, and treated the good and pure woman, whose faithful ministry had made his house a home, as his own sister. But this would not satisfy some, who insisted that he must either remove her from his home or marry another. After much and prayerful consideration of the subject, he deemed it his duty to marry her, even though it involved such great sacrifices as expatriation, the breaking up of old friendships, the imputation of unworthy motives, and even the imperilling of his usefulness. In Canada there were not these legal objections, and when the request came from the Canadian Methodist Church to become their President and dwell amongst them, the way seemed providentially opened to discharge the solemn duty which rose up before him. At the bidding of honor and affection, though he had to sacrifice position and influence in the British Conference, he went forth to found a home in the New World, strong in the assurance that he was doing right. And who that has ever dwelt in the light and warmth of that charming home could for a moment have a shadow of misgiving that he had not been led of the Lord, whose guidance he continually invoked. Though admired and applauded everywhere, yet his great heart hungered for domestic affection, and the deep, rare blessedness of a happy home. Never man more needed such a refuge for his heart, and Mrs. Punshon possessed the beauty, the charms, the sympathetic sweetness, the tenderness and kindness which will never cease to be more dear to man than any amount of intellect. She made his home a new centre of pleasant Christian society and life, and though indisposed to put her own personality forward, she yet won her gentle way, by a thousand quiet ministries, into the hearts of the people.

Established in Canada, he threw all his great energy and enthusiasm into the onward movements of the Church. Of large

catholic sympathy and spirit, he yet felt that the Church of his choice should take her place, the peer of all, and he gave his matchless gifts to the advocacy of her educational, missionary and evangelizing work. Re-elected again and again, by virtually unanimous votes, to the Presidency of the Conference, his office was really episcopal, and his diocese was 1,500 miles in length, two or three hundred in width, with a population of three millions. On his re-election in 1869, he expressed his thankfulness that in a new climate, and through the changes of seasons and the perils of travel, he had been preserved in health and safety, and been privileged to conduct during the year *one hundred and seventy* public services, travelling, to render them, *sixteen thousand miles.* In every service he gave his best; he knew not how to spare himself, and how little the multitudes who witnessed his public appearances knew with what fears and painful apprehensions he appeared before them, or with what distress and nervous exhaustion the effort would be followed. Who that heard them can ever forget those addresses which he gave in the old Richmond Street Church to the people on their duties to the ministry, and to the ministers on their duties to the people? The excitement and the strain were too much. I was honoured with being a guest in his home at the time, and on Sabbath, after the service, he had an attack very similar to that which terminated his life. How different the spectacle of the preacher in the pulpit, flaming in the height of his brilliance, rising from climax to climax, swaying the multitude with overmastering emotion; from the man approaching his work in tremor of body and agony of spirit, with nervous apprehensions of fainting and dying then and there, or when the extraordinary excitement was over, in bodily suffering and nervous exhaustion, even to faintness.

How did the Lord keep Easter? With His own!
Back to meet Mary, where she grieved alone.
And I do think, as He came back to her,
The many mansions may be all astir
With tender steps, that hasten in the way,
Seeking their own upon this Easter day.
Parting the veil that hideth them about,
I think they do come, softly, wistful, out
From homes of heaven that only *seem* so far,
And walk in gardens where the new tombs are.

—*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

LORD LAWRENCE.*

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER LANGFORD.

II.

By his appointment as civil ruler in the newly-annexed Cis-Sutlej states Lord Lawrence may be said to have entered upon public life. Hitherto his positions had been subordinate, and not without a touch of jealousy had some of his compeers witnessed his sudden promotion at the early age of thirty-four. Lawrence had been trained by the discipline of the past years, and he was now equal to any call. He lost no time in "buckling down to his work."

Hardly had the new "Commissioner" been established at his post, when he was specially requested by Lord Hardinge to take temporary charge of his brother Henry's important post at the capital of the Punjab. This, in addition to his own duties, was a most herculean task. Yet it would be hard to imagine the amount of work from which John Lawrence would shrink at this period. Stirring events crowded hard upon each other. Lord Dalhousie succeeded Lord Hardinge as Governor-General. The second Sikh war ended with the annexation of the Punjab. The new territory was governed by a Board of three taken from both branches of the service, John Lawrence being a member, and for three years (while the Board existed) his influence was paramount. On the dissolution of the Board, Lawrence was appointed "Chief Commissioner of the Punjab"—a post inferior to few in India, and which Sir Charles Napier has said he would prefer to being Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army. He held this important position until, at the close of Lord Dalhousie's term, the Punjab was, upon his recommendation, raised to the dignity of a Lieutenant-Governorship, and John Lawrence became its first Lieutenant-Governor. The *Gazette* of this year, 1856, announced that, in recognition of his important services, the Crown had conferred upon him the honour of K.C.B.

Lord Canning relieved Lord Dalhousie, and now were heard the mutterings of the storm which shortly burst over India. Mysterious cakes had been passing from village to village.

Daring placards were posted conspicuously under the very nose of the British authorities. Weird prophecies foretold the downfall of the hated Feringhis. Finally, the use of the *greased* cartridges drove the pampered, ignorant and suspicious Sepoys into open revolt. Sir John Lawrence was startled by the receipt of telegrams which electrified the Punjab. The Indian Mutiny had broken out, and Delhi, the seat of the Mogul and the historical capital of India, was in the hands of the mutineers. It would be impossible to overrate the labour and toil of Sir John Lawrence during this eventful crisis. If during his peaceful rule in his province he had been a most diligent worker, we may be certain that now he would not spare any effort. He had trained, or secured the services of the finest body of subordinates to be found in all India. So capable were most of them that they have, in the estimation of some, robbed Sir John of his well-earned laurels. He had now to hold a tight rein on some, while he was compelled to use the spur with others. By precautionary measures he had secured his own province, disarming, sometimes with great risk, many regiments of regulars, largely increasing the irregular forces, bringing the Commissariat Department into such order that every necessity was promptly met, employing the telegraph continuously, detecting incapacity, nor caring to overlook it even when seen in high positions. Prompt and ready to encourage and cheer, at the same time he was stern and severe in awarding punishment. Such was the commanding influence of Sir John Lawrence at this period, and so extraordinary were the efforts put forth by him, so marvellously did he predict the march of events, and so grandly did he meet the responsibility of the time, that we recognize at once the truthfulness of the eulogium which pronounced him, so far as English rule goes, "the saviour of India," or, as an high church dignitary styled him, "the Joshua of the British Empire."

The tale of the mutiny, with all its horrors, has been often told. We cannot repeat the story. We may but point to one fact which virtually ended the struggle—the re-capture of Delhi. This was repeatedly urged upon the military authorities by Sir John Lawrence. Every available man was taken from his province and sent on to Delhi. "Long lines of baggage waggons, vast stores of shot and shell and of all the provisions and munitions of war" were continuously forwarded, so that the most despondent then felt, "if the impossible could be done at

all, it was through him it would be done." Such was the influence he exerted, even among the native troops in the camp before the city, that they could not be persuaded but that he was there in person to direct the operations. In Delhi itself, such was the terror of his name, and so absolute the belief that it was he who made the success which they coveted impossible, that the leaders among the mutinous Sepoys found no better means of stimulating the flagging energies of their followers than to parade through the streets "a more than usually stalwart and fair-skinned Kashmere," whom they reported as having captured in one of their raids, and whom they declared was none other than the redoubtable "Jan Larrens" himself. Even the generals who commanded in succession the little army which had undertaken this seemingly impossible task, corresponded with him freely, deferring to his judgment, or, if compelled to do so, humbly excusing themselves for pursuing a different course to that which he recommended.

Lord Canning was then cut off from all communication with the North-West by "a broad belt of mutiny," and to John Lawrence all looked for advice and assistance in this crisis. Perhaps the best assistance Lawrence gave to the small British and auxiliary forces before Delhi was by sending from his almost exhausted province another batch of reinforcements, 4,000 strong, with Nicholson at their head. "We must support," he said, "the army before Delhi at the sacrifice of every other consideration." The city was garrisoned with fully 40,000 men—not raw levies, but trained and disciplined under British officers—with 300 guns. The besiegers, "now that the last man had come from the Punjab," numbered only 11,000, and of these not more than 3,000 were Europeans, with only fifty-four guns. After exasperating delays, on the night of the 7th September the first battery was run up, some 700 yards distant from the Morca Bastion. Though not completed by the dawn, and though a pitilesss and ceaseless fire rained from the opposing bastion, gun after gun was placed in position. During the ensuing five days and nights three other batteries were constructed, the heavy guns being dragged through the open under a murderous fire—a feat which Sir Henry Norman declared to be "almost unparalleled in war." On the 12th, all four batteries were able to play upon the fortifications, and the masonry of the walls began to fly. For forty-eight hours the deadly missiles ceased not. Cheer after cheer from our men, as the

smoke rising showed how the formidable bastions were crumbling, stimulated the exhausted gunners to redouble their exertions. At length, on the night of the 13th, four young engineers, after carefully creeping forward to examine, returned with the report that "the breaches were difficult but practicable." Forthwith the thrilling order, so long expected, which was the doom of many a brave fellow, passed from man to man: "The assault at three o'clock this morning."

The assaulting columns were four in number. To Nicholson fell, as of right, the post of honour. He had been sent down by Sir John Lawrence "to take Delhi, and Delhi the whole army was willing that he, and no one else, should take." He led the first column in person. The batteries redoubled their roar, driving the enemy from the breaches. Suddenly, at dawn, there was silence; the men who formed the forlorn-hope sprung to their feet with an exultant shout, and dashed forward, beneath a storm of bullets from the enemy. The first three columns did their work manfully: they crossed the open without a pause, though their ranks were fearfully thinned. Down into the ditch they plunged, where the dead and dying were thickly piled together. Now the ladders were planted against the scarp, and led by the gallant Nicholson, first in danger as in dignity, the breach was surmounted. The second and third columns were equally successful. The whole line of ramparts facing the ridge, which "had defied us for three weary months, was in our hands." The old flag once more floated proudly over the Cabul gate, and the bugle calls of the different regiments gave a breathing space.

The fourth column, to which had been assigned the task of dislodging the strong bands encamped in the suburbs and forcing the Lahore gate, found the task impossible. Nicholson and Jones had just met each other at the head of their respective columns, flushed with success, and Nicholson recognizing the necessity of instant action, called for volunteers; they instantly appeared. One narrow street led to the Lahore gate, so narrow that six men could not walk abreast. It was swept from the end by a gun loaded with grape. The houses throughout were thronged with riflemen. Yet, without pausing, Nicholson sprung to the front and, "waving his sword over his head, as if he were a simple captain, called upon his men to follow." Had it been in the open field his noble stature and his soldierly bearing would have attracted the enemy's sharpshooters. But

here in the narrow street, his dauntless courage as he strode onward before his men, his commanding presence and gestures, rendered escape utterly impossible. He fell mortally wounded, and with him there fell the man whom, perhaps of all the heroes of the mutiny—the Lawrence brothers alone excepted—India could at that juncture least afford to lose. A footing had been gained in the city, but at what a sacrifice—sixty-six officers and 1,100 men had fallen. No wonder that the timid General commanding proposed to fall back on the camp and wait for reinforcements. Happily he was dissuaded from his rash purpose, and for a week the deadly struggle continued. The defenders were pressed back street by street. The magazine, with its vast stores of all the munitions of war, was recovered, and at last the palace "which had witnessed the last expiring flicker of life in an *effete* dynasty, and the cruel murder of Englishmen, women, and children, fell into our hands."

Delhi had fallen, and the hopes of the mutineers perished in the fall. The extremity of the peril was over; no longer an organized rebellion, warring for empire, now it would be but a struggle for life. Sir John Lawrence visited Delhi, and by his prudent, yet firm ruling, arrested the disorders which had followed the capture of the city. "From the moment that Delhi fell, Lucknow took its place as the headquarters of the mutiny, as the centre of interest to which all eyes were for many months to come to turn with so much anxiety and so much pride." After many days of hard fighting it was taken, and now for some months the rebellion degenerated into a guerilla struggle of broken bands.

Sir John Lawrence, after the terrible strain, sighed for rest, nay, was convinced that if he hoped ever to be able to work again, he must rest at once. Eagerly and longingly he looked forward to a period of repose in England. "I will go home," he often said in conversation at this period, "I will go home and turn grazier or farmer in some quiet corner." As the time of his departure drew nigh, marks of sympathy, of admiration, and of regret crowded in upon him from every quarter. At last, Sir John sailed for England. "Your name and services," said Lord Stanley in one of his last letters, "are in every one's mouth. Be prepared for such a reception in England as no one has had for twenty years" And so, after seventeen years' absence, Lawrence returned to England. Immediately upon his arrival he reported himself at the India House, and was

most warmly received. Addresses of congratulation poured in from all quarters. In fact he was completely lionized. Every public meeting where he was expected to be present was literally packed by an audience "anxious to catch a sight, like the Romans of old on the return of Scipio from Spain, of the rugged features of the man who had done so much to save our Empire in the East." Early in June, the freedom of the City of London was formally conferred upon him, in the presence of a most brilliant assembly. Both Oxford and Cambridge conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.C.L. He was also invited to Windsor, and was "treated with marked distinction by his Royal hosts." He was now a G.C.B, a Baronet and Privy Councillor. One additional honour was in store for him. The details for the new order of knighthood, to be styled the "Order of the Star of India," were completed. The first investiture took place at Windsor Castle, and Sir John Lawrence received, in company with his old friend, Lord Clyde, the beautiful insignia of the new Order.

Quietly the succeeding months rolled by, enlivened by visits to Killarney, the North of Ireland, and to his birthplace, the little town of Richmond, in Yorkshire. From Richmond he went to Inverary Castle, and was the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Argyll. This was the beginning of an enduring friendship. The Duke's estimate of Sir John may be learned from one of his vigorous speeches, in which we meet this sentence: "Of all the great Indian authorities with whom I have been brought into contact, there is not one who, for solidity of judgment, for breadth of view, for strength and simplicity of character is, in my mind, to be compared to Lord Lawrence." While Sir John took an occasional holiday, he lived strictly the life of a country gentleman. His idea of "turning farmer" was carried out on a small scale. The youngest members of the family had their own pet animals to care for, and so the interest of his children in the live stock was almost as great as his own. "His summer evenings were spent in croquet; his Saturday afternoons in family drives in the neighbourhood; the Sunday evening in family readings of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and the family repetition of a hymn, and often some thrilling story of his early Indian adventures, told as few but he could have told it to his large-eyed wondering audience." Such is the picture of his simple home-life at Southgate House.

The following incident is narrated as illustrating the depth

and tenderness of his domestic affection: As he was sitting with his daughters one evening, he asked, "Where is your mother?" and received a reply explaining her absence. A few minutes later he asked for her again. "Why, father," said one of the young ladies, "one would think you couldn't live five minutes without mother." "That's the reason I married her, my dear," was the smiling reply—an illustration of his whole-souled devotion to the wife of his youth.

Two years passed. Lord Canning had returned from India to die, and was succeeded by Lord Elgin, who died at his post. Suddenly, in November, 1863, Sir Charles Wood looked into Sir John Lawrence's room at the India Office and exclaimed, "'You are to go to India as Governor-General. Wait here till I return from Windsor with the Queen's approval.' This appointment met with universal commendation, letters of congratulation crowded in upon Sir John from men of all parties. Lord Shaftesbury wrote: "At last Government has recognized your merits, and you are about, God be praised, to enter upon the grand career for which you are so eminently fitted." Even in India the same feeling prevailed. He took with him to India the same simplicity of character, and the same strong determination to work as opportunity presented itself, as marked his early years. While we cannot note minutely his rule as Governor-General, we may rest assured that he was fully equal to the demands of his exalted position, and during those years he added yet more to the lustre of his name. On the eve of his final departure from India, farewell addresses were presented with every demonstration of respect to the veteran Viceroy—"almost the last, certainly the most illustrious, of the servants of the great East India Company." Shortly after his arrival in England, the honour so long deserved and so richly merited was conferred, and he became Lord Lawrence of the Punjab and of Grateley.

The rest is soon told. Calmly the shades of evening fell. Not that the few years which followed were uneventful. Though he did not now possess, as in his early years, a boundless capacity for work—though the once erect and stalwart frame began to show signs of decay—there were times when he threw himself with his old unconquerable energy into self-imposed tasks, as was the case when he endeavoured to rouse the conscience of the nation to the iniquity of the Afghan war, by masterly letters which appeared in the *Times*. But even then, as he repeatedly told his friend, Captain Eastwick, "he felt that his days were

numbered." The end came suddenly. One day, early in June, he had gone out in a heavy rain and "caught a chill, which settled heavily on the weaker organs of his body." Some days later he insisted upon going to the House of Lords, in order that he might participate in the debate upon the Indian Budget, and in his anxiety to hear the whole debate he remained until late at night, returning home "chilled through." The following Sabbath, unable to go to church, Lady Lawrence remained with him, and although not anticipating the end so near, read to him Robertson's Sermon on "Victory over Death." A few days of extreme weakness followed. On Friday morning those in attendance saw that the end was near; the family gathered tearfully around the couch of the husband and father. "Do you know me?" whispered his wife, and the reply, strangely distinct, was heard, "To my last gasp, my darling;" and as she bent over him to press his lips she felt the last pressure and caught the words, feebly whispered, "I am so weary;" and the brave heart ceased to beat, and the tireless worker was at rest.

The biography we have been following does not devote much space to the religious character of John Lawrence. But it is evident that such moral heroism as he exhibited, under the most trying circumstances, can have had but one source and inspiration. The following quotation will show what that source was:

"I never knew," said the Rev. J. Smith, of Lyme Regis, "anyone so simple, so prayerful, so hard-working, so heroic. He is one of the few men whom, when I come to die, I shall thank God that I have known." "His religious faith," says one who knew him best, "was the most beautiful and simple I have ever known. 'Fear God and keep His commandments' was the rule of his daily life. We used to read the Bible together every day, and I have now by me the large-print volumes he used latterly, with his marks at the different passages which particularly interested him."

CHRIST FROM THE DEAD AROSE.

CHRIST from the dead arose—
Awoke from death's repose
This Easter morn!
May our quick souls to-day
Put the dead past away,
New hope be born!

So on this Easter morn
May stronger love be born
At our heart's core—
Love for His very own,
Love for the souls that moan
Outside love's door.

Quicken as from the dead!
May our deep soul be fed
From Thee, and so
From fullness of the heart
We freely shall impart
Love as we go.

COLLIER JOE AND THE SQUIRE.

A SKETCH OF VILLAGE METHODISM IN YORKSHIRE.

"About thirty-four years ago," said a veteran Methodist minister, "I was stationed in a rural district in Yorkshire. I was one evening going to an appointment at the village of Norton, when I was accosted by a farm-labourer just returning from the field. He was a class-leader, and, in his own eyes, a man of great importance. When he saw me, he called out in a loud voice—

"'Halloa! parson.'

"I stopped and asked him how he was.

"'Oh! hearty,' he cried. 'I suppose you haven't heard?'

"'Heard what?' I enquired, thinking something serious had occurred.

"'Why,' said he, grinning in a most ludicrous manner, 'Th' Squire and his lady wor at th' chapel on Sunday.'

"'I'm glad to hear it,' I remarked. 'I hope they heard a good sermon, and profited by it;' and reminding him of the evening service, I walked on, leaving him standing in the middle of the road, evidently astonished that his important piece of news had not taken a greater effect on me. I was not at all surprised at the Squire's visit, though, I must confess, I felt a little pleased to hear that he had been among our people. He was a rich man, and well educated, but quite plain in his manners and conversation. I had several times called at his house to ask for donations towards carrying on the good work, and he had always responded liberally, and expressed his good-will towards us; 'For,' said he, 'it is a good work, and there is plenty of it to be done before you get the people civilized.'

"On reaching the chapel, I found the one topic of conversation there was the Squire's visit; and at our official meeting, after preaching, the leaders began discussing the merits and demerits of the local preachers, and their fitness to preach before the Squire, and even myself and my colleague came in for our share of criticism.

"'It wor a blessing,' said a gray-headed old man of near three-score years and ten, 'that Johnny wor planned last Sunday; for if it had been some on 'em as are on th' plan th' Squire would ha' run away. I fairly trembled lest Johnny should begin a shouting as he does sometimes.

"'Aye,' said another, 'we mun be more careful who we han in th' pulpit. Th' head parson there mun get here as often as he can of a Sunday.'

"'But how do you know, my good man,' said I, 'whether the Squire would care to hear me preach?'

"'Well,' replied an old farmer. *I* think he would: though for that matter, yo' make a girt noise sometimes.'

"I could scarce keep from laughing outright at these foolish men; and yet I felt sorry to see this spirit of pride and worldliness creeping in among them. It was quite evident the Squire's coming among us would have a bad rather than a good effect, for the congregation would hear the sermons not for themselves, but for him; and if this was the case, the spiritual life and power of our little society would soon die. I scarcely knew what to do or what to say. I was instructed to be careful whom I sent to preach, and I found there were only two or three of the local preachers who were considered fit to preach a sermon to the Squire and his lady. However, I told them not to say too much on this matter, but pray to God to give them more grace and humility; and as to the Squire, why he might never come again among us. With this advice I left them.

"Several months passed away, and the work of God prospered under our hands in all places except Norton. Here great changes had taken place. The Squire and his lady now attended our chapel regularly, and a special pew had been assigned them. This pew was lined with crimson cloth; velvet cushions were on the seats, and stools, covered with rich carpet, were used for foot-rests. The Squire's pew was so grand that a number of the officials embellished *their* pews with cushions; and a sum of money was voted for repairs and painting. The communion table must be re-polished, and the pulpit stairs have a carpet on; and it was whispered about that the window behind the pulpit ought to be of stained glass, so as to throw a softer light into the chapel, and keep the sun from coming too powerfully into the eyes of the Squire and his lady. It was astonishing, also, to see the change in the dress of the congregation. The women (especially the young ones) tried to imitate the Squire's lady, and the men imitated the Squire. They also began to talk fine; and I laughed heartily at their attempts in this respect—such a mixture of vulgarity and refinement!

"But what became of their religion? Where was their love for perishing souls? What had become of their impassioned prayers for the outpouring of God's Spirit? No hearty 'Amens' now proclaimed the happy enjoyment of the sermon. Scarcely a sound was heard while the preacher was pleading with God in prayer. If he spoke in a loud tone, the congregation blushed and hung down their heads, or cast side glances at the Squire. And woe be to him if he blundered, or became puzzled what to say. The officials would gather round him at the close of the service, and frowningly ask him whether *he* thought himself fit to preach in *their* chapel. What would the Squire and his lady think! And he was warned not to come again, unless he had got something better to say, and could say it in a better manner

The consequence of this was, I had a difficulty to get any of the local preachers to preach at Norton; and several of them were so insulted and grieved that they threatened to have their names taken off the plan.

"I was sorely perplexed what to do. I saw with sorrow the change which had come over this once humble people; and the words, 'Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion,' often came to my mind. I preached to them faithfully from the pulpit, and talked to them plainly in the official meetings; but all to no purpose. The evil grew; and I saw that something must be done, or there would soon not be a spark of vital religion left among them. Pride and vain glory were eating godliness up.

"I never possessed the bump of craftiness to any great extent; but I saw I should have to exercise craftiness in order to put a stop to this growing evil. The disease had become desperate, and a desperate remedy would be needed; and I waited my time to carry out an idea which had come forcibly into my mind.

"In one of the villages distant about nine miles from Norton, lived a man whose heart God had changed. He was one of the roughest and most uncultivated men I ever knew. His ignorance before his conversion must have been fearful. When a lad only six years old, he was left without father and mother, and his grandmother took him to live with her. But she was so poor, that little Joe had to go and work in the coalpit. As he grew in years he grew in sin; and there was not a more wicked young man in all Yorkshire. He delighted in drinking, fighting, foot-racing, bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and every description of wickedness. His mind was dark as night. He could not tell one letter from another. His old grandmother, a good though ignorant woman, talked and prayed with him often; but all to no purpose. He sinned continually, and was deep-dyed.

"But Joe one night entered our chapel at Gainsford, and there the Spirit of God showed him his sinful condition, and he was soon as miserable as a guilty soul and an awakened conscience could make him. He wept, and cried for God to have mercy on him, in the chapel; but it was no use. He went out of the chapel into the lanes, and there he startled the birds from their nests, and made the rabbits run away in fright by his cries for mercy. Sometimes he ran as fast as he could, and then suddenly prostrated himself on the ground, weeping and crying to God to tell him He forgave him. Thus Joe rambled about until near two o'clock in the morning, and then, prostrating himself before the cottage door in which he lived, he told God he wouldn't enter there again unless He blessed him. God did bless him, and he sprang upon his feet, shouting and praising God so loud that he wakened all the people in the

house, who came running down stairs, thinking Joe was gone mad with drinking.

"But a great change had come over Joe. He became one of the most regular attenders at the chapel, and never missed a prayer-meeting or a week-night service. He could not learn to read, but his mind was ready to grasp a good hymn; and several of these he committed to memory. He was also very powerful in prayer; and when Joe was on his knees in the prayer-meeting there was always a holy influence. He carried his religion with him down the coalpit; and it had come to my knowledge that he was in the habit of exhorting his fellow-workmen during the dinner-hour to flee from the wrath to come, and several had been powerfully wrought upon, and were giving evidence of a newness of heart in their lives.

"'Now,' thought I, 'if I can manage to get Joe into the pulpit at Norton some Sunday morning, he will take a good deal of that sinful pride out of them. And if the Squire is offended at him, let him take himself off; for since he came the great object I have in view—the conversion of sinners—has been frustrated.'

"It was not long before I had my opportunity. The person appointed to preach sent me word he could not go, and he requested me to get a substitute. 'Now, Joe,' said I to myself, 'thou shalt have a turn before the Squire and his lady. May God bless thee, and make thee the means of doing these poor blinded people at Norton good.' A difficulty, however, was in the way. There was a rule of the Connexion that no person should preach in any of the pulpits without permission from the Circuit Committee and the Superintendent Minister. Of course, I, being the Superintendent Minister, was easily persuaded; but the difficulty was with the Circuit Committee. When I brought the matter before them of the inability of the planned preacher to attend his appointment at Norton on the following Sunday, I asked them if they had any one to propose in his stead.

"'No,' they all said. 'Have *you* any one?'

"'Yes,' I replied.

"'Who is he?' asked one.

"'Mr. Joseph King,' I replied, and waited the next question with some anxiety. But the next question showed me my man was not known to them under the title of MR. Had I said Joe King, they would have found me out at once, and no doubt refused the requested permission.

"'Is he a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost?' said the chief official.

"'He is,' I replied.

"'Then he will do. You can let him know to-morrow.'

"If they had asked me whether Mr. Joseph could read or

write, or questioned me about his knowledge of doctrine or Scripture, I should have been puzzled. But I could conscientiously say that he was a man 'full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.' I rejoiced as I wended my way home that night, for I thought I saw the hand of God in this attempt of mine to get Joe into the pulpit at Norton.

"I saw Joe the next day, and told him he was appointed to exhort the people on the following Sunday at Norton. He stared at me for a moment or two, and then said—

"'Is that true?'

"'Certainly, Joe,' I replied. 'Don't say another word about it; but let the Lord know in prayer; and He will enable you to say something profitable to the people.'

"Joe's eyes filled with tears, and he promised me faithfully he would attend.

"Sunday morning came. The birds sang, and all nature seemed glad to welcome the return of God's holy day. Joe wended his way towards Norton, joining with the birds in singing God's praises, and at the same time lifting up his heart in prayer for a blessing on his coming labours. On passing through the village he attracted considerable notice, for his dress was something extraordinary. He wore a pea-green coat with brass buttons, a red-plush waistcoat, and buckskin trousers; his neck-tie was of a glaring yellow, and on his head was a wide-awake hat. A score or two of children and young persons followed him to the chapel, and when he arrived there, and made known his errand, there was quite a commotion. The officials could not believe their own eyes, and some of them pompously said to him:—

"'Who sent *yo*' to preach?'

"Joe, quite unconcerned replied,—

"'God and Mr. Langworth."

"'If that mon goes into th' pulpit,' said another, 'I'm off home.'

"But Joe had come to preach, and preach he would; and very soon he was on his knees in the pulpit. His bristly hair, more like a hedgehog's back than anything else, was just seen sticking above the pulpit top.

Soon there was a whisper that the Squire was coming. And sure enough he was, and what seemed to the people worse than all, there were five ladies with him. Several of the officials went out, and both the women and men that remained held down their heads for shame. But Joe gave out a hymn which he knew well, and after the hymn he engaged in prayer. The Lord blessed him wonderfully in praying, and when he rose from his knees he saw not a few of the congregation in tears. Joe took for his text 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' He could not preach a sermon in the orthodox

manner; but he began telling the people how wicked and sinful he once was; how he had been left when but a child without parents, and sent into the coalpit to work among wicked men; and how he soon learned to curse and swear and drink worse than any of them. He told them about his grandmother's prayers, and the tears trickled down his cheeks as he related his last interview with her. She got him to kneel down by the bedside, and put her trembling withered hands on his head, and with tears made him promise that he would meet her in heaven. He promised her; but when she was dead and buried he forgot his promise, and became more wicked than ever.

"Thus Joe went on relating his past experience, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the chapel. When he spoke of God's mercy in sparing him through all his wickedness, and how at last He troubled him so much with a guilty conscience that he was obliged to cry for mercy, there was loud sobbing in the Squire's pew. Joe saw the Squire weeping, and in his joy shouted out 'Glory; glory be to God! Though I was as black a sinner as the devil could make me, and far deeper sunk in the miry pit than any of yo' here, the Lord lifted me out, and pardoned all my sins, and set me free, and proved to me that 'the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, does cleanse from all sin.' I'm on my way to glory. I shall keep my promise to my poor old grandmother, and shall one day meet her in heaven.' The Squire wept; the five ladies wept; and the congregation wept.

"When the service was over, the Squire took Joe in the carriage to dine with him. When they arrived at the big house in the park, the servants were full of wonder at seeing the grotesque guest of their master.' They looked at each other, and one of them went to the old coachman and enquired who this man was. When they learned that he was a 'Methodist parson,' they began to giggle and laugh, and say the Squire had brought him for a joke, to amuse the lady guests. But what was their astonishment to learn, when dinner was over, that the Squire and Joe had retired into one of the private rooms, and were praying together. Yes, God's arrows had pierced the soul of the wealthy Squire. Joe's sermon in the morning, by God's blessing, had opened his spiritual eyes, and showed him his lost, sinful condition. *He had had a grandmother, who had made him promise her before she died he would meet her in heaven.* So far he had neglected to get ready for heaven, but now he cried for mercy, and that cry reached the mercy-seat, and answers of pardon descended. There was joy in the presence of the angels in heaven over the Squire's repentance that Sunday afternoon.

"In the evening the chapel was crowded, and many could not get in. Joe again delivered a powerful exhortation. A rather humorous incident occurred during the evening service. The candles wanted snuffing, especially those at each side of the

pulpit. Now Joe was one of those who never attempted to do anything which he was sure he couldn't do. There were snuffers to snuff the candles with, but Joe knew very well if he had used them he would have snuffed the light out altogether, and so he used his fingers. This left a black mark on his fingers, which somehow was transferred to his upper lip, and gave it the appearance of a moustache. The people at seeing this, could not keep back their smiles. But soon Joe's powerful words made them forget his appearance, and many of them could see him only through their tears. It was a glorious time. Many found peace with God, many more went away from the chapel groaning under their burden of sin, to weep alone until they found forgiveness of God through Jesus Christ.

"The Wednesday week following I had to go to Norton to preach in the evening. As I was passing through the village an old woman called out—

"'Halloa! Mr. Langworth, you have done it at last.'

"'Done what?' I asked, feeling somewhat timid; for I had not then heard how Joe had gone on.

"'Why, man there never was such times before. That fellow you sent has turned Norton upside down. Hey, praise the Lord. My old man has gotten converted, and our Sally. Glory be to God!'

"Many will praise God throughout eternity that Joe the collier went to Norton."

CHRIST THE CONQUEROR OF DEATH.

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES.

FOR silent centuries forespent
The solemn stars pale lustre shed
On hopeless graves, where weepers bent
Above their dead:

Till One in blessèd Galilee
The world's long sorrow comforted,
Restored the sick, rebuked the sea,
And raised the dead.

Then all the sky grew dark with loss,
A crown of thorns on drooping head
Aloft upon the bitter cross,
The Christ hung dead.

But when upon that garden tomb
The third new morning glimmered red,
There, in the risen Saviour's room,
'Twas Death lay dead.

THE LOST SILVER OF BRIFFAULT.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER IV.—THE TERROR BY NIGHT AND DAY.

When John said that Raymund was for the time "possessed," he was, perhaps, nearer to the truth than is generally recognized. Nothing is more clearly taught in the Bible than the doctrine of angelic and demoniac agencies. "Why," said Peter to Ananias, "hath Satan filled thine heart?" It is customary for even good Christians to shirk so terrible a fact, and to suppose that the "possessed," so frequently named in the Gospels, were lunatics. That they were not, is evident from Matthew iv. 24, where the "diseased," the "possessed," and the "lunatic" are distinctly and separately named. And, alas! it is common enough at the present day to see men possessed by the demons of strong drink, or lust, or avarice, or anger; they are not sick, they are not mad, they are simply in the power of the devil, "led captive by him at his will."

On this night he drove Raymund Briffault into Galveston. He reminded him of "Ratcliffe's," a noted resort for deep drinking and reckless gambling. It stood some distance from the city—a low, weather-beaten hut, on the sea-shore; so well known to the class that used its sinful shelter as to need nothing to indicate its character. One of the Ratcliffes had been a sailor in Burke Briffault's black craft; and generation after generation there had always been some intercourse between the families. Certainly, if any Briffault needed money, it was to Ratcliffe's cabin they repaired; and between Raymund and the present proprietor that kind of friendship existed, which might lie dormant for years, and would yet be good for any emergency.

He rode hard until he reached the ferry connecting the mainland with the island. It was then gray dawn, with a wretched east wind, blowing hot and cold and wet all at once. It did not rain, but he was clammy to the skin when he touched Galveston island. Ere long the sun rose, red and fiery; the sky felt like brass above him, and, though it was so early, the rays of light pierced his head like arrows. He was enduring a great physical agony, and yet it never entered his mind to say, "In my own home are cool, shadowy rooms; in my own home peace and love are waiting for me. I will turn back to its comfort and blessing."

He was quite exhausted when he reached Ratcliffe's. The sandy beach was silent and absolutely deserted: and Ratcliffe's

house was as quiet as if it was the house of a dead man. But he stood in its entrance, and when he saw Raymund he went to meet him. The men nodded to each other, but no greeting passed between them. Raymund's horse was taken to a shelter at the side of the hut, and he tottered into the room to which the open door led. He was sitting with his head in his hands when Ratcliffe returned; and when the latter spoke, he raised it and gazed vacantly at his host. Instantly Ratcliffe seized his wrist and examined his face. It was vividly scarlet, his eyes like balls of fire, his pulse beating at the wrist with that peculiar "bound" that said at every throb, "Yellow fever!"

"Sacrista! Briffault, you have the fever!"

"I suppose so. Can you give me a bed?"

"Not here; you would die. No ice, no doctor at hand, and the place is as hot as hell for a well man. Dacre's buggy is in the shed; I will drive you to the nearest hotel."

Raymund did not answer. He was suffering frightfully. Ratcliffe opened the door of an inner room and spoke to the men there. There were four of them sitting at a table on which lay a pile of notes and gold. Two were shuffling cards, two sat silent, with melancholy eyes fixed upon the board. Ratcliffe spoke to one of these: "Dacre, I want your buggy. Ray Briffault is here, down with the fever; he can't ride his horse a step farther."

"All right."

"You'll have to help lift him in; he's past helping himself."

"Is that so? Hold on a minute, Jennings."

He rose and followed Ratcliffe, and the two men lifted Raymund into the buggy. He was delirious when he reached the hotel, muttering rapidly, in a low, awful manner.

"How are you going to let his friends know?" asked the landlord.

"I am going to Briffault myself. Send for a doctor, and get a good nurse at any price. You will be well paid for your trouble."

But Ratcliffe had not only to drive home, he had business affairs of importance to attend to there; and it was nearly noon ere he had completed his arrangements. Then the heated, feverish atmosphere was so deadly, that he dared not leave for some hours, so that it was nearly ten o'clock at night when he reached Briffault. John was standing on the veranda bidding his sister and Gloria "good-night," when they heard the gates shut.

"That must be Ray," said Cassia.

"Then I will wait and see him."

"Ratcliffe rode slowly, and before his figure was visible, Cassia perceived she had made a mistake.

"O, John, there is some bad news coming! I feel it! I am sure of it!"

Before Ratcliffe descended, John was at his side.

"Have you brought news of Briffault?" he asked.

"Yes; bad news. He has the fever, and is very ill."

"Where is he?"

"I took him to the hotel. It was the best I could do."

"I will go back with you. Come in and refresh yourself. What will you have?"

"Strong coffee. Take some yourself, it is the best thing."

Their conversation had been low and rapid, and had only occupied the few moments of Ratcliffe's descent, but Cassia was at their side when they turned.

"What is it, John?" she asked.

"Ray has yellow fever. I am going back with this gentleman to nurse him. Let us have some strong coffee first, dear."

"*Yellow fever!*" Gloria had caught the words, and she fled like a deer, with the news to madam. The room was, as usual, in a blaze of light, and madam lying on a couch in the centre of it.

"Ray has yellow fever! They have sent for some one to nurse him. He is very ill. O, grandma, if Ray should die!"

"*Yellow fever!*" shrieked madam, springing up in a passion of terror and anger. "How dare you come into this room, then? Have you been near the man? Order him off the place instantly! What an outrage! Souda, get some camphor and burn it. Go away, miss, and don't come near me again." She was trembling with fright, and gave one peremptory order after another, for the clearance and disinfection of the house.

In the meantime Cassia was hurriedly putting together a few necessary articles. She was determined to go with John, for in some measure she blamed herself for Ray's danger. And John was one of those men who respect another's conscience. He thought Cassia was to be trusted entirely. Though there had been a confidence between them on the subject of her quarrel with Ray, he knew that people never tell quite all, and the thing she had not spoken of might be a sufficient reason for her self-sacrifice.

An hour before midnight they left Briffault, Ratcliffe riding one of Ray's horses, John and Cassia in the buggy. No one spoke. Black, narrow bayous went wriggling through the rotten, mildewed grasses, and frequently delayed them, for the tide had filled their muddy channels, and it was necessary for the buggy to seek higher crossings.

Still, long before dawn, they reached the plague-smitten city. Dense clouds hung low over it; no moon, no star was visible, but through the profound gloom it gleamed with countless lights, for the watcher's candle was in every house. The hotel to which they drove was ominously illuminated. The door stood open, but the entrance was deserted, and Cassia sat down on one of the empty chairs, while John looked for some one to give him information.

A sister of charity, passing through the hall with a bowl of broken ice in her hand, directed him to Raymund's room, and, taking Cassia by the hand, they sought it together. It was at the end of a corridor full of awful sights and sounds, where the stillness of the sheeted dead alternated with the anguish of the tortured living. From two of the rooms the last frightful struggle of the *vomito* filled the house with the cries of intolerable agony. Cassia trembled and grasped John's hand. He looked in her face and said, steadily: "'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.' The rod as well as the staff, remember that, Cassia."

As he said the words he opened the door of Raymund's room, and the miserable man lay helpless and unconscious before them. A sister of charity had just covered his head with broken ice, and while she murmured above him the litany for the sick, was endeavouring to keep away from the restless sufferer the hosts of torturing insects. Cassia kissed her and said: "I am his wife; I will take your place now. May God reward you!"

In such moments good souls draw close together; everything is forgotten but the grand fact that we are all the children of the Most High. "The Comforter of all sorrowful women help you," answered the sister. "Do not despair. At the last moment a good change may come." Then she gave Cassia minute directions for the case, and added: "I must now go elsewhere. Three rooms away there is a young man in the last agony; it is terrible to die without prayer and human sympathy." She vanished with the words, and John and Cassia stood together by Raymund's side. He did not recognize them; he did not hear their voices: he was wandering alone in a land afar off, where the pains of hell had got hold of him—in "a land of deserts and of pits, in a land of drought and of the shadow of death, in a land that no man passed through, and where no man dwelt," and into which lover nor friend might follow him. Raving, tossing, muttering, slowly parching and burning up, Raymund lived on day after day, though it seemed almost certain that he would never more recognize the sorrowing, loving wife who kept such faithful vigil by his side.

But He that "turneth man to destruction" says also, "Return, ye children of men;" and the voice is as mighty to save now as when it stopped the funeral at the gates of Nain and opened the grave of Lazarus. Slowly Raymund came back to life—slowly and fretfully. John watched him with a sad thoughtfulness. He remembered solemn, peaceful hours, when they had sat together, and Raymund had seemed to really enjoy discussing with him the great questions of life and death and immortality. But, neither on his sick bed nor yet in the long hours of his convalescence, would Raymund permit such subjects to

be named to him. "I am tired; I can't think; let me alone!" Thus he put aside any conversation relating to the deliverance he had experienced.

"What a master passion is physical pain!" said John to Cassia, one day, when Raymund had been peculiarly fretful and impatient. "I think if God ever permits me to preach again, I will never say a word which can encourage the idea of a death-bed repentance. When men are suffering they won't, perhaps they can't, think."

"John, I would not say that. At the last hour Christ forgave the thief."

"Yes, but that thief had not been refusing His mercy day after day, and year after year. As soon as his soul saw the Crucified he appealed to His love. I think we build on that example without taking all the circumstances into consideration. Cassia, you must not trust Raymund's salvation to his last hours; seek for him that reasonable and honourable service which remembers the Creator and Saviour in the days of youth and health."

But John soon found that even such a just decision must give way before extremities so great and awful that nothing but the unlimited mercy of the cross could fit them. Long before Raymund was able to be moved all possibility of escaping from the city was past. Vessels would not enter her harbour. Fugitives from her were not allowed to approach the mainland; the inhabitants were shut up with the pestilence. There was scarce a house into which it had not entered. The regiment of Northern soldiers, camped on the desolate sea-shore, were dying by scores; their general, their officers, their doctors, had fallen early in the epidemic; and most of the sisters of charity had died at their posts in the temporary hospitals, or in hotels which had become hospitals. The associations for volunteer nursing were quite inadequate to the demand, and when Raymund's doctor said, one night, in John's presence, "Every nurse is worth ten lives," John answered promptly, "I am ready to do my best—ready now."

They went out together to a large building. It had been, in former days, a splendid residence; it was then a shelter for the friendless and homeless sick. On cots or on pallets on the floor —twenty, thirty in a room—men and women lay in inconceivable agonies. But the horrors of the place had not deterred that noble human kindness which, in such times, links humanity with divinity. Two or three physicians, scarcely able to keep awake in their exhaustion, were passing up and down the aisles of misery; men were tenderly bending over the dying, and even holding them in their arms. "Water! water! water!" was the agonized entreaty penetrating every corner of the building. John hastened to satisfy it, and it was in such moments, as he caught the speechless gratitude from dying eyes,

that he forgot every thing but the immeasurable sufficiency of the cross of Christ. At the last moment of the last hour he lifted it up: "It is as wide as the world, it is as long as time, it reaches up to the bosom of the Father, it reaches down, down, down, to a depth passing knowledge. Cling to it! Cling to it!" he cried. "No one was ever lost that clasped the cross!"

From pallet to pallet he passed with the precious hope and the precious water. In that supreme hour every creed met and clasped hands. As he was talking to a dying soldier a sister of charity knelt by a young girl in the last struggle. Before her glazing eyes she lifted her crucfix, reciting in clear, sweet tones, portions from the Litany for the Dying:

"'Come to her assistance, all ye angels of the Lord. Receive her soul.

"'May Christ, who called her, receive her!

"'Eternal rest grant her, O Christ!

"'From the gates of hell deliver her soul, O Christ!

"'Lord have mercy upon her!

"'Christ, have mercy upon her!'"

"Christ, have mercy upon her," responded John, and he held the girl in the closing agony, echoing with all his soul, the solemn litany of the sister. In such scenes as these John understood the lesson of the thief dying on the cross; understood how many would not come to Christ till they had been nailed to some bitter cross, and made to look on Him, and driven at last to call on Him, with trembling and with tears; and how then, Christ, looking down in love, upbraiding not, promised them the kingdom.

John had long been a local preacher; it had been a matter of duty and conscience with him to secure the right to speak a word in season, when the season came; but at this time he first heard that Divine "call" which comes to no man with an uncertain sound. John Wesley's charge flashed across his mind: "Go not only where you are needed, but where you are needed most;" and he answered, joyfully, "I will, Lord."

> "And as he prayed he was aware
> That some great Light was risen on him;
> And looking upward in his prayer,
> He saw the door was opened wide,
> And One was standing at his side
> It thrilled his heart to see."

For three months this life continued. Men and women dwelt at the mouth of the grave. The terror by night, the pestilence that walked in darkness, the destruction that wasted at noonday, was their companion and their conversation. Raymund grew scornful in it, moped and wearied, and watched eagerly for the atmospheric changes which would release the imprisoned city.

Not one word from Briffault had reached them. Postal service had been stopped soon after their arrival, and other intercourse rendered almost impossible. So Raymund speculated on the probabilities of its invading the lonely mansion, and fretted considerably about his sister and madam, both of whom he loved much, after his own fashion.

Had he known it, Gloria was having what she considered the very happiest period of her life. Events at Briffault had not only made her mistress of her own time, but also filled the long hot days with supreme pleasure to her. In the first place, she was not sorry to get rid of Cassia. Her order, neatness, methodical life, and general serenity, irritated and made her uncomfortable. She liked occasional quarrels; she not only felt that she could appear to advantage in them, but that she had within her the ability to direct them for her own advantage. During that unfortunate one, which had driven Raymund into Galveston, she had watched her grandmother with admiration and Cassia with contempt. If Raymund should ever indulge himself in a like manner again, she was almost certain she would be able to astonish, very likely to control, him.

She had not much fear of Raymund dying, for she never admitted the possibility of anything unpleasant happening, until the fact was forced upon her. Still she was not averse to seeing madam thoroughly frightened. She liked to follow Souda from to room, and inhale the burning gums and sprinkled camphor. She liked to visit the kitchen and cabins, and carry madam little items of exciting news. About three weeks after Cassia left Briffault for Galveston madam became very ill. She had watched herself continually, but the distinctive symptoms of yellow fever were wanting.

"It is malaria, of course," she said, positively, to Souda, "Give me the quinine bottle."

"Every day, however, the malaria grew worse; she fought it desperately; she would not lie down. But one morning ing she was found prostrate and unconscious. Typhus, of the most virulent form, had seized her; the doctor insisted on the strict isolation of his patient, and Gloria was left entirely to her own devices.

She took up her abode in a room at the opposite side of the house to madam's; she had the blinds flung wide, and she let the sunshine penetrate every corner of it. In this room, she gave orders, all her meals were to be served. The servants arranged their lives as satisfactorily to themselves in their cabins as Gloria in her selected apartment, and Souda and madam kept their vigil of suffering and seclusion, without any sympathy or interference.

For a day or two the sense of complete unrestraint was delicious to the self-willed girl. She ordered all the delicacies she liked best; she ate and drank, and sunned herself, and dressed

herself, and took her sleep, usual and extra, with all the complaisant satisfaction of a petted kitten. Then she began to think of amusing herself. But how? She loved bright, rapid, tinkling music, and her supple fingers made it admirably, but she could not play the piano while madam was ill. She tried her lace work, it tired her eyes; she tried a book, it bored her; she went into the kitchen, the servants had a little company of their own, and they did not want Miss Gloria. As no one cared for her company, she strolled down the avenue. At the iron gates she stood a moment looking into the road. A horseman was really approaching, riding slowly, and singing some rollicking ditty that chimed in with the "trop-a-ty, trop-a-ty," of his horse's feet. He was in the fatigue dress of a cavalry officer, and, even at a distance, had an air of "dash" that was attractive.

"He must be coming here," thought Gloria; and the prospect of such a visitor made her eyes flash with pleasure. She strolled slowly toward the house, and it was not long ere she was overtaken.

"Captain Grady," said the officer, lifting his cap.

"Miss Briffault," answered Gloria, with one of those graceful womanly courtesies, that have unfortunately, gone out out fashion.

Then Captain Grady and Miss Briffault entered at once into conversation. The captain had heard that Raymund had a pair of fine horses for sale, and he wished to buy before going to his western post. The explanation that followed, with much incidental conversation, passed an hour in the shady avenue with great satisfaction. Then it was too hot to ride, and refreshments were offered, and Gloria played the hostess charmingly. No beings in all the world are so utterly, cruelly selfish as two young people desiring to please each other, and who are uncontrolled by either religious feelings or any particular sense of duty. On that hot, languorous, dreamy summer day, what was it to Denis Grady and Gloria Briffault, that a desolate, hopeless soul was suffering the terrors of death and the torments of fever in a room above them? Gloria was thinking only of what dress she looked best in, of Captain Grady's handsome figure and dashing manner, and of his delightful way of complimenting her.

The captain saw that he had made a conquest, and he was well inclined to secure it. Gloria appeared to him a very bewitching girl; and the fabulous amount of her grandmother's wealth was a standard piece of local gossip. No one was long in the neighbourhood without hearing it. The previous night a planter, with whom he had stayed, had advised him "to look after the little girl. She will get all the madam has saved, and that must be considerable of a pile," he said. So, as Raymund was generally known to be at Galveston, it was most likely the

pretty, lonely heiress, rather than the pair of cavalry horses, that led Captain Grady to visit Briffault.

In the cool of the evening he left, and Gloria walked down the avenue with him, as she had so often walked with John Preston. The captain thought she was worth "looking after," independent of madam's hoard. He wooed her as, perhaps, only an Irishman and a soldier can woo—as if the world had no other woman, as if her smile was more than life, and her pleasure the end of existence. Gloria believed it all. Denis Grady was the kind of lover she had read about. John had never called her "queen" and "goddess," and vowed to shoot himself if she did not give him one smile.

For several weeks there was no one to interfere with her interviews with Captain Grady. From Souda Gloria had been careful to preserve her secret. It was thus that she spent the summer, so full of misery to her grandmother and brother, to John and to Cassia. Before it was over she was completely under Denis Grady's influence. She had told him everything she knew. She had promised to be his wife, either with or without the consent of her friends. No information she had given Denis had been more pleasant to him than that concerning the jewels madam had laid aside for her bridal present. He thought about them until he felt they were his own. He speculated as to the sum they would bring; he had arranged half a dozen ways of spending the proceeds from them.

Early in September madam was convalescent. Nine weeks of fever and helpless prostration she had lived through. She was very weak, but "The old life is in me," she said, snappishly, to Souda, "and I have taken a new lease of it." Still Gloria was almost terrified when she first saw her. The fever had burned her to skin and bone, and she could hardly lift a finger of her hands. But her eyes were blacker than ever, and had a double measure of the old resentful "glow" in them. Gloria was naturally deceitful, and she had at this time a paramount reason for being so. She wept over the old lady, and fondly kissed her white mouth and sunken temples.

"I thought I should never see you again, grandma; I have been miserable about you! O dear, what a dreadful time it has been!"

And self-deception in such an easy thing! Gloria half imagined she was sincere. And madam craved human sympathy so much, that she was glad to believe her. No wonder madam looked lovingly on the bright, handsome, apparently affectionate girl.

"Come to me often," she whispered, "Souda has been very bad to me. I have no one but you, Gloria. I will pay you, dear; I will pay you well."

Ah, it was pitiful for a woman so old to feel that, after all, payment might be necessary! Madam had come to an hour in

which her hoarded gems were valueless, save to buy a little love, a little human sympathy, with. She had a sad and angry complaint to make.

"Souda wanted me to die. She tortured me with thirst. I was at her mercy, and she showed me none. She went to sleep and left me alone, and O, Gloria, I saw such sights!" she whispered, shuddering at the memory. "I was crazy with fever, of course; but why did the evil ones come to me then? Child, be good! Be good! I have lost the road; I left it so many, many years ago, I never could find it again, even if I tried to. But you are still within the call of your good angel. Remember what you learned from the sisters. We won't laugh at John Preston again; perhaps you had better marry him."

"O grandma, I can't do that. I promised you I never would. I don't like John any more, and I do like some one else very much. I want to tell you about him."

It had suddenly appeared to Gloria the best thing to do; and she related such parts of her experience with Captain Grady as were most propitiatory and pleasant. Madam listened with interest and yet with a pang. She perceived that Gloria had not been as miserable as she had represented herself. In her weak condition she could scarcely keep the despairing tears out of her sad, black eyes. She felt for a moment, that it was a pity she had come back to a world in which she was so little wanted. But she kept her hard thoughts to herself. Her isolation frightened her. Raymund might be dead; if she quarrelled with Gloria she would have nobody left. She decided in a moment, that it would be better, if it was possible, to make a friend of Denis. She invited him to her room and was pleased with him. In a couple of weeks he had quite won her good-will and her admiration. His reckless, jovial way, his fine appearance, his suave manners, even his becoming uniform, made a favourable impression on the old lady. She put herself in Gloria's place, and partly excused the girl's infatuation.

The marriage was frequently spoken of in madam's presence. She was more childish since her sickness, and she found a great delight in opening up her treasures of silk and lace for the bridal garments. The subject of the jewels was re-opened, and madam was foolish enough to show Denis the portion she had laid aside for her grandchild. He knew their value well. He considered within himself how many months of such a life as he loved was in them. He reflected, also, that if madam was willing to give such magnificent bridal gifts, Gloria's future portion in gold would be of proportionable value.

About the middle of October there was a storm which shook Galveston island to its foundations. It was "a day of wasteness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness," and throughout its hours the storm gathered strength. All night the inhabitants sat still in

terror, while the sea beat at their doors and their houses rocked in the terrific wind. Raymund was speechless, Cassia kept the vigil on her knees; but John's soul was uplifted in a solemn, almost in a triumphant, adoration. After midnight, when the beating and crashing and fury of the elements were at their height, they heard him, as he stood at the window, or walked slowly about the room, saying:

"'Before Him went the pestilence, and burning coals went forth at His feet. He stood, and measured the earth. . . . The everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow. . . . I saw the tents of Cushan in affliction. . . . Was Thy wrath against the sea, that Thou didst ride upon Thine horses and Thy chariots of salvation? . . . The overflowing of the water passed by: the deep uttered his voice, and lifted up his hands on high. The sun and moon stood still in their habitation: at the light of Thine arrows they went, and at the shining of Thy glittering spear. . . . Thou wentest forth for the salvation of Thy people!'"

"How terrible is this night," said Cassia. "O that the day would come! I am afraid, John."

"There is nothing more to fear now. The Lord has arisen for the relief of the city. His angels are driving away the powers of darkness that have been permitted here for a season. O, if our eyes were now opened! If we could but see the battle in the firmament above us! See 'the man Gabriel,' or 'Michael, the great prince which standeth for the children of Thy people against the evil ones;' then we should say, as Elisha said to his servant, 'Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.'"

As the dawn broke the tempest lulled off with mighty sobbing winds; sullenly but surely it went, and with it departed every trace of the dreadful pestilence. The next day the people arose, as one man, to build up, and to repair, and to put out of sight and memory the traces of their great calamity. Then Raymund and Cassia and John turned, with grateful hearts, homeward.

They reached Briffault about five o'clock in the afternoon. "There has been no trouble here, I think, said Raymund, for he noticed that the avenue was clean and well-kept, and that in Gloria's hammock a handful of fresh tuberoses and a piece of lace work were lying. The house was open; there were fresh flowers in the stands. "All is evidently well at Briffault," he repeated to Cassia; then, turning to John, he added: "Come in, John; how good it is to be at home again." He spoke happily to the man who came forward to attend to their horses, and asked,

"All well, Alick?"

"Yes, sa'; all well now. Madam has been sick, but she's done got well now, sa'."

"O!" Raymund did not attach much importance to the

news. Cassia had gone to her room, and he followed her with a light heart. What dreadful days had passed since, in his blind passion, he left his home. Cassia had suffered for changes of clothing in Galveston; she was happy to get back to her wardrobe, and was turning over her plentiful store of snowy linens and lawns when Raymund entered. Her happy look pleased him.

"No place like home, is there, wife?" he asked.

"No place like home, Ray. Briffault is beautiful to-day."

Then he kissed her, and at that moment he was really sorry for his fault, but he did not say so. In actual life people who confess their faults and atone for them are much rarer than in print.

"I will go now and see madam," he said. Alick says she has been sick. I suppose Gloria is with her."

Madam's room was on the east side of the house; all its windows looked east and north. But she had heard the stir of the arrival, and connected it with its proper source.

"Sit still, children," she said to Denis and Gloria, who were taking tea with her. "Sit still; Raymund is sure to come here, and I prefer to introduce Denis myself. It has happened very well, I think."

But Raymund did not think it very well. He received the introduction haughtily, drew himself away from Gloria's caress, and, after a few words of stinted courtesy, withdrew. And as Raymund, like madam, had the ability to make himself uncomfortably felt in every room of the house, if he wished to do so, Captain Grady left much earlier than his wont.

When he came down stairs, Gloria came with him. John was sitting on the veranda, and she went forward, with her pretty demonstrative manner, and spoke to him. John took her hands and looked gravely and inquiringly in her face. The look troubled her, and she pirouetted round and said:

"Come here, Captain Grady. This is Colonel John Preston, of the late C. S. A.

Captain Grady came forward with a laugh—he was always laughing—and Gloria wanted to make John laugh also. She thought it ill-natured in him not to do so.

She was just going to descend the steps with Captain Grady when Raymund appeared.

"Captain Grady will excuse your company, Gloria," he said, positively. "The dew is falling."

"There is not a drop of dew, Raymund."

"Still Captain Grady will excuse you."

He had placed himself by her side, and lightly clasped her arm; but Gloria knew how readily the clasp could tighten, if necessary. She turned her pretty face, in a blaze of anger, toward him:

"You are just as ill-natured as ever, Ray."

And you are just as silly and as false, you little traitor!" Then, as soon as Captain Grady was far enough away, he removed his hand and said: "Go and make your peace with John. If I were he I would never forgive you! Never!"

She shrugged her shoulders and remained standing against one of the pillars of the veranda. Ray left her thus, and John rose and went to her. He spoke to her several times, and she took no notice at all of his presence; but when he turned away from her she recalled him with, "What do you want, John?"

"What does a lover want from the girl who has promised to be his wife? I want a word of welcome, Gloria—a smile such as you used to give me."

"Did I promise to be your wife?"

"You know, Gloria."

"I had forgotten. I am going to marry Captain Grady."

"You said you loved me. O, Gloria! you said you loved none but me! Did you lie to me then? No, you could not be so wicked, so cruel."

"If I said that, of course, I was only in fun."

She looked so mocking, so tantalizing, so beautiful, that John, in his grief and wonder, could only gaze on the heartless girl. She was pulling his heart to pieces, as coolly as she was pulling the petals of the tuberose in her hand. She would not lift her eyes; but John felt there was neither love nor pity in them. For a minute they stood thus, then John said:

"Gloria."

Something in the tone mastered her, and she looked into his face. It was a very handsome face, and a very tender one; but the steel-gray eyes were full of grief and anger.

"Gloria!" you have done a wicked and unwomanly thing. There are few good men who would not scorn you for it; but I loved you, knowing right well, from the first, how perverse and selfish you were. I loved you with all your faults. I shall always love you. You can go nowhere where my love will not follow you. Some day, some day, perhaps, I may be able to do you good—farewell, darling! God forgive you! God bless you, Gloria, wherever you go!"

True emotion is infectious. At the last moment she was troubled at the great sorrow she had caused.

"I am sorry, John," she said, in a low voice, and she lifted her fair, bewitching face to him. But he put her sadly away.

"No, no, no; that is past. Try to be true to some one. O, Gloria, my love! my love! my love!"

He left her standing where Ray had left her. The floor at her feet was white with the torn leaves of her flowers. She was vexed at every one.

"It is a pity they did not stay a little longer," she thought in her selfish soul; "we were so happy without them."

The Higher Life.

CHRIST TRIUMPHANT.

COME, ye saints! behold and wonder;
See the place where Jesus lay;
He has burst His bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away;
Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord is risen to-day.

Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises;
By His death He overcame;
Thus the Lord His glory raises,
Thus He fills His foes with shame;
Sing ye praises—
Praises to the victor's name.

Jesus triumphs! Countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King;
Soon in yonder blessed regions
They shall join His praise to sing;
Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring.

"THEN WERE THE DISCIPLES GLAD."

WHEN were they glad? Not until they had "seen the Lord." Before this they were filled with dismay and sorrow. "They have taken away my Lord," was the agony, not of Mary alone, but of all. It had been written, "Smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered." How truly was the prophecy fulfilled! In that hour hope perished in every heart.

What gladness now came with the spiritual sight! It was far more to them than any thing they had known even while they had enjoyed His previous companionship. It was a joy that revived them. It made Peter, John, and all the company courageous indeed. It was not joy in fulness as yet, but still it was most refreshing.

"To see the Lord" is, beyond any thing else, the greatest need of souls. The admiration of His character has become universal; men are everywhere turning to behold His matchless virtues, and are charmed by His messages of love to the world. The "weary and heavy laden" listen to His words of welcome. But still, how often it is that these souls are not made truly

glad. To see Christ spiritually is to *know* Him in secret experience. It is to have a present realization of the truth He taught, and to have a sweet response from His own heart and love. This is more than earthly sight, and more than mere words of exquisite tenderness, more than mere sentiment. This is the joy of the Lord, "unspeakable and full of glory."

My Brethren.

Natural science, in its researches in the vegetable world has developed a peculiarity of plants. The flower whose native soil was the prairie or the valley can be transplanted to the lofty heights of mountain regions, and thrive at altitudes that seem incredible. But take the plant that blooms just on the edge of everlasting snows, and transplant to the valley, and it dies. As with wild flowers, so with men. How easily do men take to high station, to wealth, and rank and fame! It is one of the saddest features of our fallen human nature that elevation to wealth, or dignity, or office, is often made an excuse for forgetting the friends of poverty and obscure position. How marvellously defective does the memory of some men become! How chilling to affection and friendship have the higher altitudes of fortune proved! O how different it is with Christ! As Spurgeon has beautifully expressed it: "The higher Christ gets in glory the more sweet are His expressions of love!

It is but a little while before He was crucified that He said to His disciples, "Henceforth I call you not servants, but friends." But that was in His hour of trouble. He was even then overshadowed by the gloom of His coming fate. Now that He has risen from the dead, now that "God also hath highly exalted Him," perhaps He will go back to the old title, and again call them His "servants." Is it so? Why, beloved, now the Saviour is not satisfied with so endearing a name as "friends." It is not warm enough and affectionate enough for Jesus now. He says to Mary, "Go tell My 'brethren.'"

He never called them that before His resurrection. You may search the four Gospels through, but you will not find Christ calling His personal disciples "brethren" before He rose from the dead. He was their Master then. He is their Brother now. And, as if to make that point the stronger, He says: "I ascend to My Father and your Father, to My God and your God."

Christian, can you mistake His meaning? Your risen Saviour is a Man. He did not leave His humanity with the linen clothes

in the sepulchre. He rose from the dead, human as well as Divine. Human in form and sympathy, He ascended up on high. Human in His sufferings on earth, He is still human in His intercession in the presence of the Father.

Christian, does this Easter find thy soul shadowed by the sepulchre and sin? Ah! cheer up. Jesus in heaven calls thee His brother, His sister, even in the presence of His Father and thy Father. Wait patiently and thy Brother shall call thee up to share His glory. Then shall burst upon thy raptured ear such Easter anthem as this:

"All hail! Incarnate God!
No feet but Thine have trod
The serpent down.
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider the portals throw;
Saviour! triumphant go,
And take Thy crown!"

—*Rev. Bishop Cheney.*

The Prince of Life.

The crucified and buried Nazarene is now the Prince of Life. He whose sepulchre the Roman soldiers guarded has become the Mighty Leader of the armies of heaven! All power in heaven and earth belong to Him. The vanquished man, He who might not save Himself by coming down from the cross, comes up from the sepulchre as the everlasting Lord, able to save others, even to the uttermost, holding in His hand the keys of Death and of Hades, and having all things in subjection under His once nail-pierced feet! Through that way of the Cross, which seemed for the time "foolishness!" He has reached and now holds the Power of God. From henceforth all this slow yet steady unrolling of the ages, all these changes of empire, and the progress of society, are but the succesive steps by which He is preparing to bring in, at last, His perfected kingdom, and to reign with all His saints over that restored Paradise—that new creation—which has been one promise of the Father, and the one hope of mankind, ever since the sceptre of worldly dominion dropped from the hand of the first Adam.

Faith as to the Resurrection.

The joy of Easter is not a sentimental emotion. It is not a breaking out of gladness because spring has come; it has no affinity to that nature-worship which some would fain substi-

tute for all the more robust forms of religious thought and feeling. It is founded on a real sorrow and terror—the fear and the certainty of death; it is enkindled by a real and glad conviction—the assurance of resurrection. It rests upon an article of the creed—the resurrection of the body. In that lies the hope, the expectation, the firm faith which makes Easter the queen of the festivals. Strangely enough there are many who deny or ignore this great fact of the faith, who have put the various incompatibilities of their new beliefs in the way of a right comprehension of it, yet, nevertheless, are being year by year more filled with the Easter happiness. They are glad, they know not rightly why. They have a belief that when they die, if it be in faith and accepted penitence, they will go to immediate judgment and to immediate reward. Their bodies will moulder forever in the ground; they will be clothed upon with new and angelic shapes, and received at once into the heaven of bliss eternal. To one who holds this conviction, it is hard to see what Easter brings. It becomes only the commemoration of an historic event, which was the attestation of the Saviour's triumph; is but one proof more among the many of His divinity. Yet what can be more explicit than the Scripture teaching? Why was the Gentile convert bidden to rejoice in a risen Saviour? It was because of the victory over death. That the Lord Jesus won this victory was precious to the poor Corinthian slave or Ephesian toiler, because it was promised to him that he, too, should share it. It was the body of the Christ which left the sepulchre on Easter morning. It was that fact which, when at night He stood in the midst of the affrightened apostles, He insisted first that they should believe.

AN EASTER HYMN.

JESUS Christ the Lord has risen,
Victor over death is He;
He has left the gloomy prison,
Captive led captivity.

Sing with all the sons of glory,
Sing the resurrection song;
Death and sorrow, earth's dark story,
To the former days belong.

All around the clouds are breaking,
Soon the storms of time shall cease;
In God's likeness men awakening,
Know the everlasting peace.

Life eternal, heaven rejoices,
Jesus lives who once was dead;
Join, O man, the deathless voices,
Child of God, lift up thy head.

Patriarchs from distant ages,
Saints all longing for their heaven;
Prophets, psalmists, seers and sages,
All await the glory given.

PROGRESS IN THEOLOGY.*

BY J. L. WITHROW, D.D.

THEOLOGY is a progressive science. The knowledge of God which the antediluvians had was alphabetic compared with the understanding of the Divine nature which Abraham had. It is the common faith of evangelical believers that God made man "perfect in knowledge." But this knowledge extended only to the understanding of what is right. Adam was no more a philosophical theologian than he was a sculptor, painter or poet. If Adam and Eve heard Jehovah tell the serpent, the seed of the woman "shall bruise thy head," that seems all they could have known of what has followed in the course, conquests and kingdom of redemption through Christ. When the Lord revealed to Abraham an index idea of the covenant of grace, granting him a glimpse of the Lamb of God suffering as a substitute for the sons of men, that was a vast advance in theologic knowledge over anything the antediluvians knew. But the theology of Moses was much deeper, broader and better built than that of Abraham. For the eye of Moses was so opened upon the purposes and plans of Jehovah's providence and love, that Christ the Lord Himself said later, of Moses, "He wrote of me." The patriarchs, judges and their contemporaries may have had faith in the fact of the resurrection of the righteous and of the wicked; but, if they had, history of their opinion we have not, our first distinct intimation of this doctrine having come from David and Daniel. Bending over the open grave and burying in it, may be, his best beloved, we hear poor Job of a previous age asking, "If a man die shall he live again?" But when Daniel was putting the finishing strokes upon his prophetic picture of the end of earthly things, he drew with a vigorous dash this thrilling declaration: "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to everlasting contempt." That discloses to us a sweeping progress in the theological knowledge of the after life, which Job appears to have known nearly nothing of that could give him conviction or comfort.

Reviewing the writings of the prophets of Israel and Judah, and down to John, who spread out as *The Revelation* the splendid certainties and suggestions of the coming triumphs of the Redeemer's kingdom—reviewing these, we discover that the sacred science received enlargements at every additional touch of the inspiring Holy Spirit upon the minds and eyes of those seers who portrayed the mission and passion of the Messiah. The science of theology, as it concerns the method of human redemption, is more fully developed in the writings of Isaiah than in the writings of Moses, as spiritual truth is more abundant in the Gospel of St. John than in the book of Ecclesiastes. In short, theology, as a science, made steady progress all through the Old Testament period.

Between Malachi and the manger-born Child there were four hundred years, in which nothing new appears to have been learned; and much that

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had been was lost. But with the epiphany of the Saviour theological science began again, and grew in forms and facts of faith faster than nature does in bud and blossom and fruit under the flow and effulgence of the spring and summer sun. The Virgin bearing a sinless son was a single event that added a very library to the science of God, and marked a stride of progress so long that limping faith and sceptical knowledge have not been able to set their feet in the footprints of that great fact down to this day. The incarnation of the God-man increased the world's knowledge of the invisible a thousand times more than telescopes and microscopes have revealed the immensities of the universe and the minutiæ of creation; a thousand times more than the coming of the white man gave the Indians of North America knowledge of a higher civilization; a thousand times more than the gentle and godly Livingstone, pushing into the Dark Continent, revealed to degraded millions the dawn of a hope of restored humanity and Heaven.

But this incarnation—which a class of disputants at present lay such stress upon—was no more the sum of the addition which Jesus made to theological science than a foundation is a building; than axioms are rules; than infants are adults; than beginings are ends. Neither did He finish His manifestation of theological fact with His teaching career, marked by speaking "as never man spake," nor with His benevolent labours, that left for mankind a model which every soul might copy, but no soul can match. The tragedy of the Cross, and the rending of the sealed sepulchre, and the resistless force of spiritual life which, by His promise, fell upon His followers, these were accumulating additions, which are indescribably more to the science of theology than a climax is to a discourse, or a catastrophe is to a drama.

The course of actual progress in theological science registers newly revealed facts, newly discovered facts, and more correctly co-ordinated facts. The Old and New Testaments are dotted all through with newly *revealed* facts. The writer of the book of Ruth was as unaware of the many mansions mentioned afterwards in the Gospel as the courts of Europe were of America when they stoutly refused to encourage Columbus to sail in search of a western hemisphere. The many mansions were newly revealed facts defined and fixed when Jesus said, "I came out from the Father," and "I go to prepare a place for you." Among newly *discovered* facts we may mention the increase in knowledge which Christ's apostles made concerning Him after His ascension and the outpouring of His spirit. They left off looking at Him as a mystery, a man, or merely as their master, because their enlarged science discovered Him to them as supremely God's sacrifice offered for the sins of the world. Hence the Epistles do not contain a sentence or a syllable in laudation of the beautiful life of Jesus, nor a mention of his abundant labours in behalf of the bodies of men. But the Epistles do abound in declarations and discussions of redemption by His blood and doxologies of praise for His suffering for man's sake. The authors of the Epistles knew from their Hebrew training that the Messiah would be a suffering prince; and when Christ was among men some of them had occasional transports of faith that He was the Messiah. But when John lay on His bosom, and when Peter confessed his faith, "Thou art the Christ . . . who should come into the world," neither of them

had discovered clearly in Him "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." Astronomers first felt the unseen and unknown planet Neptune in the disturbed motions of another orb; but it was many years before what they felt was found. And when, in the progress of twenty years' study and search, at last "observations of the planet as a star were actually made," it was months before the full discovery was reported, because the famous and favoured scholar who made the first clear find of the star was so slow of heart to believe he had it that he waited for months as one who should have a "diamond actually in his possession without being able to recognize it."

It was a prodigious step in theological discovery when the apostles passed from wondering at the might of their Master's word over winds and seas and Satan's imps, and when they forgot His miracles of bread and fish, in their fervent rapture of faith that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Because we now know He was "the Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world," we rejoice in believing that the efficacy of His sacrifice was in operation ages before His incarnation, and while He walked with men. But His disciples knew it not, even after they had listened to Him and lived with Him for three years. They had more than a diamond actually in their possession, and were unable to recognize it. It was a long while before they clearly discovered that this newly arisen Light of the world was actually the Sun of Righteousness. But ultimately they did, and that attainment in sacred knowledge marks a case of progress by newly-discovered facts of theological science.

Theological science has also made progress by co-ordinating revealed and discovered facts into a more and more thoroughly consistent system. This is the work of the professor in systematic theology, and it is sheer ignorance, advertising its voice as that of a dunce, which rails at systematic theology as a mere logomachy of schools; for whenever any one attempts to understand the relations of moral emotions and actions, and spiritual life and its expectations, his thinking throws him into the realm of systematic theology. The apostles did not construct a system of theology. They simply wrote down the facts, revealed and discovered, and left them to after ages to put together so that naturally related and vitally connected facts shall be so set as to more impressively teach the truth than isolated facts can do. They did not discuss the connection between the universality of sin and the extent of the atonement of Christ, or the relation of regeneration by the Spirit of God to saving faith exercised by man. Such work was left for the Church that should come after them.

This work the Church has been about throughout the Christian centuries; and its undertaking is not yet discharged. There has, however, been built together a well-defined body of religious beliefs that are called evangelical, because they are most comprehensive of Scripture teaching and most consistent with one another; and these are cherished by the great majority of such as believe and call themselves Christians.

In ascertaining and establishing these constant and core truths of Christianity and steady progress has marked the tireless efforts of faithful men and women. The compacted creeds of Christendom are the results of growth in the knowledge of God as revealed in the Gospel. The word "trinity" was not on the tongue or known to the pen of Paul. Until the

opening of the fourth century it was not thought necessary to gather out of Scripture the facts that prove the deity of Jesus Christ. But at that time a person and a party arose whose representation of Jesus so reduced Him from an exalted object of worship to the level of merely the highest man that a great theological battle began and lasted for a generation. The result was the defeat of that Christ-dishonouring Arianism, and the establishment, upon Bible grounds, of the doctrine of the deity of Jesus. That marked progress. Subsequent and similar struggles settled what is to-day the general orthodox beliefs concerning the nature and work of the Holy Spirit, the significance and efficacy of the mission and passion of the Messiah, the character and consequences of man's sin, and other such great fundamentals of our most holy faith as are the common property of the mass of Christian confessors.

But let it not be overlooked that, in gathering gospel facts and compacting the Christian creeds, not a few speculations and dubious dogmas (no difference how good the men who advanced them) have been rejected. In the first Christian century there was a party apeared who have sought to have the Church believe that Christ did not have a real body, but that what appeared as his fleshly form was merely a phantom. They were unsuccessful. Later, and for a long time, a fierce fight was waged over the deity of Jesus. The history of the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds reveals the result. The Ebionites and Arians were defeated.

In the fifth century an opposite effort was made to lead the Church to deny the true humanity of Jesus, and to hold that the Divine nature in Him absorbed the human—an idea which seems, generically, not very different from the notion nowadays advanced as to Christ's incarnation—that He took up human nature into His own and made it of value to God. But as the monophysite notion of the fifth century failed of credence, so we may expect this modern speculation will also. Pelagius, who proposed a new doctrine of sin, and modified the received faith as to man's need of redemption, in the middle of the fourth century, was "a man clear of intellect, learned culture and spotless character." But the Church of Christ, evangelical, has never suffered Pelagianism a place, simply because it does not agree with the explicit and implied teachings of Scripture. At present there are things, as there always have been, that ask to be believed and to become a part of the evangelical theology, but which are not accepted, simply and only because they are not supported by Scripture.

Pre-eminent among these is that figment of future world probation which has so deeply disturbed the work and life of the Church, especially in some of the New England States. Its friends desire that it shall be at least given a front seat in the synagogue, if not taken at once into the communion of saints. It is introduced as the herald of a wider hope. Its loudest profession is that of progress. Any who decline to welcome its coming are criticised as being too ignorant or too bigoted to recognize a good thing when they see it. For five or six years it has been knocking at the door of theological seminaries, the American Board of Foreign Mission and numerous churches, asking admittance and elevation to a place of privilege, if not to a seat of authority. And its demand is made in the name of progress in theology. Taking room for some reasons why do we

not expect it to gain access to the categories of evangelical beliefs will finish what space is allowed me.

1. Though widely advertised as a novelty, and an improvement in theology, claiming for itself and its allied ideas the name of "progressive orthodoxy," it is not new at all. It was definitely declared in France a hundred years ago, and had been broached before. Thus discredited in its name (as a new view), it is further discredited by the fact that it has made no progress whatever through all the hundred years past in adjusting itself to the accepted doctrines of evangelical theology. It is as much an alien now as at the beginning.

2. The friends of the new hypothesis appear afraid to confess their faith in it. So far heard from, only two distinguished scholars in America allow themselves to be counted its outright believers; and even they are exceedingly careful to assure the world that they do not preach or teach it. The poor thing stands a poor chance of making lasting progress so long as its principal supporters seemed to be so ashamed to own it. Not with such advocacy can it secure standing in the evangelical system of belief, and all the less so because—

3. Its best friends do not attempt to establish its standing by the inspired word of God. The doctrine of reward and retribution in the world to come, as certainly as the doctrine of sinless character of the Son of God, is a matter of pure revelation. Without the Bible the wisest sage is as ignorant as the born idiot about the things beyond the grave. And so what the Church wisely believes concerning heaven and hell must be always gathered from the word of God. In the course of time and study of Scripture a real progress has been made in understanding what the Scriptures touching the awful issues of eternity for those who persist in sin in this life. The Catholic faith has constantly held and does now hold the doctrine of everlasting punishment for such. But the realistic thoughts of actual material fire of hell, which once formed a part of the popular faith, no longer prevail. Still, it no more needed to cast aside some of the Bible and add on in order to secure this step of progress than it needed a new book of Genesis to adjust the Bible to the discovery of geology. In both cases it required but a more careful reading of the sacred Book, and the correction was promptly made. Let the friends of the future world probation establish it by Scripture proof, and there will be no hesitation in the churches to accept it. Not a few of the most illustrious scientists in the world, such as Professor Dana, of Yale University, say the teachings of Scripture agree with the discoveries of geology and physics. But in all the world where there is one illustrious scholar of the sacred science of theology who says the Scripture support this dogma of repentance after death, the hypothesis of preaching to the impenitent in the underworld who have rejected the calls of the Holy Spirit in this world?

Some may accept it. The claim is made by its advocates and friends that within a few years a minister who disbelieves and opposes it will have no standing in some of the old States.

Should it be so, we see not how certain disastrous consequences may be escaped. For then such ministers as shall have a standing will necessarily have set aside the plain teachings of the Bible as the book of final authority on religion, and each man will set up his own standard of truth and error.

And should the time come when such treatment of Scripture shall be quite universal in the land, unblushing infidelity must follow; and such infidelity bears the fruit of atheism; and atheism is the natural parent of anarchism. And, also, should the present fierce struggle on the part of a few to introduce and secure endorsement of the dogma of future world probation by foreign missionary societies be successful, it does not appear possible that that great enterprise can be long continued.

The Universalists as a denomination never sent out a missionary to the pagan world; and if, under the influence of the Evangelical Churches around them, they should ever send one, it will be scarcely more than one, because their thoughtful and intelligent members and moneyed people are too candid and self-consistent to squander wealth in giving a Gospel to pagans who are really not in perishing need of it. But any thorough study of the substance and significance of this progressive orthodoxy dogma of future probation will show that, should the Christian world receive it, then preaching the Gospel in Africa, Asia or America had better stop at once, because this new party of progress, if they continue to live, must ere long stand upon this: that to *all* who die unreconciled to God, in Chicago as surely as in Siam, there will be an offer of salvation after death, excepting for such as in this life reject Christ. By and by it must therefore occur to such as believe this way, that the one thing of all things to be avoided in this life is to hear about Christ, lest the story of Him being unattractive they might reject Him, and then they would have no offer of Him after death. This is the path of progress which is as certain to be travelled over in time to come as men shall continue to cherish this hazardous hypothesis.

EASTERTIDE.

Aye, the lilies are pure in their pallor, the roses are fragrant and sweet,
The music pours out like a sea wave, breaking in praise at His feet.
Pulsing in passionate praises that Jesus has risen again;
But we watch for the signs of His living in the life of the children of men.

Wherever a mantle of pity falls soft on a wound or a woe,
Wherever a peace or a pardon springs up to o'ermaster a foe;
Wherever a soft hand of blessing outreaches to succour a need,
Wherever springs healing for wounding, the Master is risen indeed.

Wherever the soul of a people, arisen in courage and might,
Bursts forth from the errors that shrouded its hope in the gloom of the night;
Wherever in sight of God's legions, the armies of evil recede,
And truth wins a soul or a kingdom, the Master is risen indeed!

So fling out your banners, brave toilers; bring lilies to altar and shrine,
Ring out Easter bells, He has risen! for you is the token and sign;
There's a world moving sunward and Godward, ye are called to the front; ye must lead!
Behind are the grave and the darkness; the Master is risen indeed!

A NOBLE LIFE.

IN MEMORIAM—MR. WILLIAM LUNN.

BY THE REV. JOHN PHILP, M.A.

THERE are not many remaining among us to-day whose lives link the centuries, and the influence of whose noble character and work reaches back over more than two generations. We cannot, therefore, but regard the record of such lives as peculiarly sacred, and crowned with an interest that claims more than ordinary notice.

A few months ago, there passed to his rest in the City of Montreal, at the advanced age of ninety, one of the most worthy and honoured of its citizens. For nearly seventy years he had been a leading and influential worker in secular and religious circles. Wm. Lunn, was born in Devonport, England, on July 18th, 1796. He was educated at the classical and commercial school of that town, and at the age of seventeen obtained a clerkship there, in the cheque office of the dockyard. Six years later (1819), he was offered by Sir Robert Steppings, an important position in connection with the naval stores in Canada; Montreal to be his station.

The following record in his diary will show the beautiful trust of his heart, and the guidance which he sought even in his early manhood. "One day in July I took a walk in the country, and entered a short lane covered with trees and shrubs. I stood still and thought of Moses in the land of Midian, when he saw the bush burning and not consumed. I prayed earnestly to God, that He would in His gracious Providence direct my steps, that I was most desirous to do His will, whether to remain in England, or go to Canada. At that moment I was filled with joy and praise, I knew that this was a most gracious answer to my prayer." The next day came the official letter; he accepted the office, obtained the consent of his parents, and prepared for his departure.

Anxious to be the bearer of spiritual good to the land of his adoption, he obtained, previous to his departure from his native town, a letter of introduction to one of the Secretaries of the British and Foreign Bible Society, London; and calling on him secured the promise that when he was settled at Montreal, a case of Bibles would be forwarded for distribution. Resting on this promise, no sooner had he reached his destination, and become somewhat accustomed to his new surroundings, than he sought to develop his cherished purpose. He became the first mover in the organization of the Montreal Auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. In June, 1820, in answer to his appeal, the first official step was taken, and he was selected with two ministers to wait on the Earl of Dalhousie, the newly appointed Governor-General, to solicit him to preside at the opening meeting, and become the patron of the new Society. The reply was becoming the noble Earl: "I cannot confer any honour on the Bible Society, the honour is conferred on me in becoming its patron." On the 10th of August, 1820, the inaugural meeting was held. Prior to this, the promised supply of Bibles had been forwarded, and thus fully equipped, the Society entered at once upon its grand work, which for over sixty years it has been pursuing with untold good, amid the many difficulties peculiarly incident to the Province of Quebec. Mr. Lunn was its first Secretary, afterward its President, then one of its Vice-Presidents, which office he held until his death. The resolution passed by the General Committee of the Montreal Auxiliary (Hon. J. Ferrier, in the chair), expressed the esteem in which he was held.

In other lines of Christian charity, Mr. Lunn was not less active. His

name stood among the hundred members of the corporation mentioned in the Royal Charter granted to the Montreal General Hospital, on the 30th of June, 1823. For some years he was the only survivor of these incorporators, and for nearly half a century he was a member of the Committee of Management.

In the educational interests of the Province, he took a very prominent part, and in some important features may be regarded as the chief founder of Protestant Public Schools. Sir Wm. Dawson, Principal of McGill University, thus writes: "In 1826 Mr. Lunn, in association with other gentlemen, established the British and Canadian School, the pioneer of the public schools of Montreal, properly so called, and which in the first instance was a common school for the children of all creeds. He was mainly instrumental in obtaining the necessary funds for the building and maintenance of this school, and continued this good self-denying work through a long course of years, in which there was no other public provision for general elementary education. He subsequently became a member and honorary treasurer of the Protestant Board of School Commissioners, and had the gratification of seeing the small beginning made in 1826, grow to the proportions of our present admirable system of schools."

Mr. Lunn, early identified himself with the Methodist Church, and through his long life stood officially related to it. His name is inseparably linked with Montreal Methodism, and especially with the history of St. James Street Church, being at the time of his death its oldest trustee. One of his last public acts was to attend a meeting of the Board, preparatory to the building of the magnificent edifice now being erected.

Thus, full of honour, and with a record of praise that shall find its high reward in the "*well done*," of heaven, has this patriarch been "*gathered to his people*," while the influence of his noble life, seen in the establishing and development of the agencies to which we have referred, shall speak in yet richer benedictions of light, and love, and grace with the coming years.

Montreal, Jan. 1888.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

Wesleyan Methodist.

One of the most important institutions in British Methodism is the Chapel Building Fund, whose income is about $50,000 annually. During the last year 118 new churches were erected. Aid was rendered from the fund amounting to more than $20,000, but for which these churches could not have been erected.

The Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund was established in 1862, hence it has been in existence only about a quarter of a century. In 1862, London contained four millions of people, and only sixteen Wesleyan churches capable of seating 900 or more people. With the aid of $5,000 to each, seventy-one new churches capable of seating 1,000 persons, have been built. Besides these, ninety-seven other churches, capable of seating 650 persons were built.

Nothing in Wesleyan Methodism appears to be so popular as the mission work in London and the provincial towns. Rev. Edward Smith has been labouring eighteen months in Clerkenwell, and has gathered a society of 400 members. In the Sunday-school there are thirty-one classes. Mothers' meetings are held, and a sick and benefit society has been formed. Every night in the week is occupied with meetings of

one kind or another. Clerkenwell Church was about to be abandoned when Mr. Smith was sent there to labour.

The West End Mission, the scene of the Revs. Messrs. Hughes' and Pearce's labours, is increasing in popularity. A Holiness Convention was recently held, which was a season of great spiritual power. Twelve ladies reside at "Katharine Home," and they labour in the district as Bible readers and family visitors. Other ladies of culture and refinement have offered their services, and another "Home" will shortly be established, in which they will reside. Mr. Hughes contends that every circuit in Methodism should have its Bible women, to visit the sick and care especially for those of their own sex. The West End Mission, with its numerous auxiliaries, will become a great power in London Methodism. On a recent Sunday morning Mr. Hughes stated that he wanted £100 to start a Receiving House, in which poor girls and starving men might be sheltered for the night, until he could find employment for them. At the close of the service a gentleman walked into the vestry and said he would be glad to contribute the amount required, and he sent his cheque next day.

In St. George's in the East, where the Rev. Peter Thompson is labouring, there are thousands of people who never can be reached by ordinary church instrumentalities, but with men and women whose hearts are full of love to God and man, who will go amongst them and show them kindness and point them to the "sinners' Friend," many may be rescued. The Bishop of London has expressed his admiration for the self-denial and heroism which Mr. Thompson and his helpers have displayed. Such missions surely are founded with the spirit of Wesley, who desired his helpers not only to go to those who need them, but to those who need them most.

Rev. S. F. Collier who is in charge of the Central Hall, Manchester, recently administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in a police station to fifty constables. A few years ago it is known that there were not two Christian policemen, now the majority of them are Christians. Few Sabbath services are held either in the hall or the theatre without conversions.

A new mission, known as "Wesley Hall," has been commenced in Hull. The hall was until recently a deserted chapel, but now a good congregation has been gathered.

Bristol Methodists have begun in good earnest to extend the work of God in their city and neighbourhood, by means of evangelistic services and lay agents. The Birmingham people are so pleased with the success of their mission, that they have now resolved to organize a mission work in towns and villages, which will give employment to much latent talent.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Book Committee at its recent session appropriated $50,000 for worn-out preachers and the widows and orphans of such as have died in the ministry, an advance of $20,000 on last year's appropriation.

As 1889 will be the centennial of the founding of the Book Concern, it will distribute an additional $50,000 as a jubilee thank-offering to the Lord for the blessing which He has vouchsafed for one hundred years upon the effort to spread sound knowledge by means of the press.

The net increase of the members for 1887 was over 106,000 the largest gain in the history of the denomination.

It was recommended that hereafter the missionaries of but one denomination should be sent into towns of less than 1,500 inhabitants. A committee of arbitration was provided for, by whom all questions growing out of this agreement are to be settled.

It would seem that there is great need for evangelizing instrumentalities in New England, judging from the following, which we take from a Boston journal: "Irish immigration and the exodus of native-born citizens to the suburbs have

changed Boston into something very like a Roman Catholic city. It has now thirty-three Roman Catholic churches, while no Protestant body has quite as many. The mayor is a member of the Church of Rome, as are a large proportion of the other municipal officers. The results of this influence are seen in the appointments to public school teacherships, in the dominancy of the liquor interest, and in the obstacles placed in the way of Protestant evangelization.

The Ohio Wesleyan University has been enjoying a gracious revival of religion. For two weeks following the "Day of Prayer for Colleges," President Payne held religious services with the students every afternoon and evening. These services were well attended usually about five hundred or more. As a result seventy-five students professed conversion, while hundreds gave evidence that they were "not far from the kingdom." Among the converts is a Japanese, a bright intelligent young man. There were present at the services representatives from China, Japan, Mexico, Armenia, India, England, and indeed the ends of the earth, beside a large portion of the United States.

Dr. Maclay, Superintendent of the Missions in Japan, writes: "Over seventy of our students have been converted. Nearly every student in the school has become a Christian."

The Methodist Church.

The visitation of the Rev. Dr. Macdonald and Mr. Hiraiwai has done much to increase the interest in mission work in Japan. Now seems to be the time to hope for the evangelization of that empire. Appearances indicates that before many years roll away Japan will be a Christian nation.

The Rev. J. Woodsworth, General Superintendent of Missions in the North-West, and the Rev. S. Huntingdon, missionary on the Canada Pacific Railway, with the Missionary Secretary, have all been doing yeoman service this season on behalf of missions, so that notwithstanding all the complaints of "hard times," it is to be hoped that the quarter of a million income may be realized.

Gratifying intelligence has been received from all the Conferences respecting revival movements. The Conference Evangelists, with Brother Savage and his bands, have all witnessed marvellous displays of saving power. Probably, however, the greatest interest has been felt in the work at Ottawa, where Messrs. Hunter and Crossley have been unusually successful. The Dominion Church has been crowded night after night to its utmost capacity, and in some instances hundreds could not get near the door. Sir John A. and Lady Macdonald, and other members of the Cabinet and their families, have been in constant attendance. The Premier and his Lady have taken deep interest in the services, and have also remained at some of the inquiry meetings. More than 1,000 persons have professed conversion. The whole city has been visited with a religious feeling, and all the churches have received additions to their membership.

We are glad to record a delightful work of grace at Victoria, British Columbia, under the Revs. J. E. Starr and J. W. Wadman. The churches have been crowded, and the trustees were obliged to provide additional accommodation in the George Road Church.

Miss Hart, daughter of the Rev. T. D. Hart, of Berwick, Nova Scotia, a young lady with much force of intellectual and religious character, has gone to British Columbia, to labour as an assistant to Miss Knight in the Crosby's Girl's home. It is a good sign of the times that our Christian young people are ready to consecrate gifts and culture and life to the cause of missions. A missionary is wanted for the Japan mission field, who will be sent out at the expense of the Victoria branch of Intercollegiate Missionary Alliance.

Dr. Potts, the Secretary of the Educational Society, is busily engaged with others in promoting College Federation, and meets with en-

couraging success. The result of the Sabbath services where the collections are in aid of the Educational Fund are especially gratifying, as for the most part, the amount received is greatly in excess of former years. Some of the districts, too, have assumed more than their assessment on behalf of the Federation scheme.

A most important movement has been inaugurated in connection with the Book and Publishing House, Toronto. The Establishment has long been too small for the wants of the Church, though every inch of space has been utilised, and no increase of ground can be secured. The house and lot are therefore to be sold, and good old Richmond Street Church, which has been such a grand revival centre, has been purchased and is to be converted into such a Book and Publishing House as is required. There will also be rooms provided for the use of the Missionary Society, the Superannuation Fund, and other institutions of the Church, so that the old church with which is connected so many hallowed reminiscences will henceforth be known as a Central Methodist House for the whole Connexion. There will, no doubt be rooms to spare, which can be rented for office purposes, so that the expense of purchasing and making needful alterations will not be a heavy burden, as there will be no difficulty in raising money for the undertaking at a small rate of interest. We regard the movement as an epoch in the history of Canadian Methodism.

The Death Roll.

The Rev. W. English, of the Montreal Conference, died at Granby, February 1st. He was only ill four days. His last sermon was preached January 8th, from the text, "He which testifieth these things, saith, surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so come Lord Jesus." Rev. xxii. 20. Brother English was a native of England, and commenced his ministry in Western Africa, whence he removed to the West Indies, where he laboured seventeen years. He was transferred to Canada in 1857. In 1879 he became a superannuate, having been in the active work forty years. In his retirement he preached frequently. He was a man of blameless reputation and, in some of his circuits he was favoured with great revivals.

The Rev. George Bowen died at Bombay, India. For forty years he laboured zealously in various departments of missionary toil. Sometimes he laboured without any salary, and sustained himself by giving private tuition. He was abundant in labours and was a most accomplished and intellectual man, who had travelled extensively in Europe and knew the French, German, Spanish, and other European languages, in addition to Hindustani and Marathi, and yet lived most abstemiously amongst the most degraded heathen. For several years he was editor of the Bombay *Guardian*, which exerted great influence among English-speaking people in India. He was also Presiding Elder in South India Conference, and on two occasions he was elected President in the absence of a Bishop. One who knew him well says, "All India will mourn at the death of George Bowen."

The Rev. Theophilus Howe, a missionary in the Newfoundland Conference, died on the fourth of February last. He was stationed at Indian Island, where he was greatly beloved. It was only recently that he came from England to labour in the missionary field, but his work has suddenly terminated, and he has entered into rest. Mr. Howe was nephew of the Rev. B. Gregory, D.D.

Miss Barrett, for many years a teacher among the Indians in the North-West, departed this life early in February last. She was a "heroic missionary," having performed much labour and endured great sacrifice for many years. She was the first teacher at Fort Macleod, and also taught at Morley and Whitefish Lake. Her remains are interred near those of the sainted martyr, George Macdougall.

THE HUMILIATION OF CHRIST.*

BY THE REV. E. B. HARPER, D.D.

The author of this learned treatise occupies a conspicuous position among Christian theologians as a scholar of depth, liberality and suggestiveness. Whether we agree with, or dissent from, Dr. Bruce, we must allow that he has produced a masterly work. Let us then ask, what has he undertaken to perform, and how has he fulfilled his purpose? Theories concerning the humiliation of Christ have come down to us from almost the apostolic age. These are here presented to us. These speculations have engaged the attention of Christian theologians from the Council of Chalcedon (451) to the time in which we live, and Dr. Bruce has stated them with amplitude and clearness. His method is based on the theory that "the whole doctrine concerning the person of Christ and His work may be advantageously surveyed by taking the two states of Christ—His humiliation and exaltation—as one's point of view;" from which it follows that he employs "the teaching of Scripture concerning the humiliation of the Son of God, as an aid to the formation of just views on some aspects of the doctrine of Christ's person, experience and work, and so a guide in the criticism of various Christological and soteriological theories."

Our author's plan is worked out by presenting certain Christological axioms fairly drawn from Holy Scripture, and by supplying the historical Christologies of the Patristic, Lutheran and Reformed Churches: then follows the modern Kenotic theories; after which we have "Modern Humanistic theories of Christ's person considered." These are followed by "Christ the Subject of Temptation and Moral Development." The concluding lecture views "The Humiliation of Christ in its Official Aspect." He neither states nor defends theories of His own, but presents and defines those of the men whose ideas for a time moulded the opinions of the Church. At much length and with great lucidness, the opinions of these great thinkers are then set forth, and with equity and judgment are correctly analyzed. Thorough research, acuteness of insight, and fulness of acquaintance with theology, and a reverential spirit, are evinced by the learned author; but a disappointment is felt by the reader in not finding his own conception or theory of the *Kenosis*. For this he apologizes by saying, "One may well be excused indeed for assuming this attitude of suspended judgment, not merely in reference to kenotic theories, but toward all the speculative schemes we have had occasion to notice. The hypothesis of a *double life*, of a *gradual incarnation*, and of a *depotentiated Logos*, are all legitimate enough as tentative solutions of a hard problem. . . . . Faith can afford to dispense with their services. For it is not good that the certainties of faith should lean too heavily upon uncertain and questionable theories. Wisdom dictates that we should clearly and broadly distinguish between the great truths revealed to us in Scripture and the hypotheses which deep thinkers have invented for the purpose of bringing these truths more fully within the grasp of their understandings." We think this is the proper view to take of Christological theories, inasmuch as the incarnation involves mysteries which are incapable of explanation by finite understandings. As students of Divine truth will wish to become acquainted with the theories which men have formed on this great mystery, we commend without hesitation this able treatise to their attention.

* *The Humiliation of Christ in its Physical, Ethical and Official Aspects.* The Sixth Series of the Cunningham Lectures. By ALEXANDER B. BRUCE, D.D, Professor of Apologetics and New Testament Exegesis, Free Church College, Glasgow; Author of *The Parabolic Teachings of Christ*, *Miraculous Element in the Gospels*, etc., 8vo, pp. 457. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.50.

Book Notices.

Christianity in the United States. From the First Settlement down to the Present Time. By DANIEL DORCHESTER, D.D. Cloth, pp. 795, price $4.50. New York and Detroit: Phillips and Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs.

If any religious pessimist bemourns the thought that the former days were better than these, we commend him to the study of this noble volume as one of the best moral tonics we know. Many readers remember with pleasure Dr. Dorchester's former volume, the "Problem of Religious Progress," with its convincing array of statistics and the irrefragable demonstrations arising therefrom. This book is of the same general character, but is much more comprehensive in its scope and mode of treatment. This is really a religious history of the nation since its settlement, and, in part, of Canada. The author traces the religious and social life of the people during the colonial period and finds that the state of morals was in many cases far below even the present imperfect standard. At the Revolutionary period, the influence of French infidelity had permeated the life of the nation, even in high places, as never before nor since. Intemperance, political bitterness, the practice of duelling and other immoralities, were rife.

With the dawn of the century a new life was kindled in the Protestant churches and an era of revivals was inaugurated. Evangelizing agencies were organized, home and foreign missions, Bible and Tract Societies and a religious press, and religious educational institutions were established. Then followed temperance, anti-slavery, and Sabbath reforms, the wonderful growth of the Sunday-school movement, and the revived life and aggressive movements of the Protestant churches. Our author traces the growth of Romanism and shows that it has by no means kept pace with that of the population or with that of Protestantism. Among the convergent currents in favour of a higher Christian civilization he notes the following:—A strong trend from atheism to theism, from science *versus* the Bible to science *with* the Bible, from Christ discarded, to Christ honoured, from negative to Biblical ethics, from the poverty of scepticism to the wealth of Christianity, and from scholastic to vital truth. These conclusions are not vague inferences, but are sustained by abundant statistical and other evidence. It will long be a treasury of information on the important subjects which it treats. The labour of compiling these tables must have been immense.

The book is sumptuously printed and bound, and is illustrated with a number of coloured maps and diagrams. We give the accompanying brief statement of the progress and status of the Protestant Churches of the United States:

Baptists and kindred bodies, 42,389 churches, 28,003 ministers, 3,729,745 members; Congregationalists, 4,277 churches, 4,090 ministers, 436,379 members; Episcopalians, 3,526 churches, 3,915 ministers, 423,605 members; Friends, 600 churches, 500 ministers, 82,000 members; Lutherans, 7,573 churches, 3,990 ministers, 930,830 members; Methodists and kindred bodies 40,321 churches, 27,542 ministers, 4,601,416 members; Presbyterian and kindred bodies, 15,002 churches, 11,241 ministers, 1,431,249 members; aggregate, 120,944 churches, 83,845 ministers, 12,132,651.

On the basis of 58,420,00 population for 1866, we have in

1800	one comm'nt	in	14.5	inhab'nts.
1850	"	"	6.5	"
1870	"	"	5.7	"
1880	"	"	5.0	"
1886	"	"	4.8	"

There is now one evangelical Pro-

testant church in 518 inhabitants, and one minister in 692 inhabitants. From 1850 to 1886 the population increased 152 per cent., and the communicants 243 per cent. "What hath God wrought!" is the most appropriate comment on the preceding exhibits.

The Book of Job. With an Expository and Practical Commentary. By the late DANIEL CURRY, D.D., LL.D. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 302. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $2.00.

Few men have wielded a more vigorous and trenchant pen than the late Dr. Daniel Curry, so long and widely known as the editor of the New York *Christian Advocate.* This posthumous publication embodies the results of the best Biblical scholarship of the day on the most remarkable book of Old Testament poetry. The poem itself is given according to the Revised Version, and the Commentary is enriched with illustrations from some of the most eminent modern expositors. The work has been expressly prepared for those who use only their own vernacular English, and is an effort to give to ordinary readers the highest critical results of such scholar exegetes as Delitzsch, Ewald, Davidson and Cheyne. It is rather a compilation than the fruits of original research, yet the author's wide and varied reading, as well as his sound and confident scholarship, have given originality and freshness to his treatment. The introduction of over sixty pages and the careful analysis of the book are of immense value. Tried by the rules of literary criticism, the author thinks that the book must be admitted to be among the few great poems of the world, and as to its canonicity, it is among the sacred books "of whose authority there was never any doubt in the Church." In age, he assigns it to the school of Solomonic literature when "the prevailing thoughts of the people became reflective and practical." He emphasizes with remarkable clearness and force the religious purpose of the book, and maintains that this is not affected by the question of the historical or non-historical character of the narrative, nor by that of the personality of Job. The commentary is thoroughly evangelical, and the general reader will find it everywhere intelligible and clear. It is right abreast of the times and a valuable contribution to exegesis. Nothing superficial or carelessly thought out was wont to fall from the pen of Daniel Curry, and in this volume he has sought to rightly interpret the Book of Job and its vital relations to the great system of Divine revelations and to Christ himself, the central figure of that system. The volume will well repay a thoughtful and careful perusal.—H. J.

National Perils and Opportunities. The Discussions of the General Christian Conference, held at Washington, D.C., Dec. 7-9th, 1887, under the auspices and direction of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 8vo., paper, $1. Cloth, $1.50.

It was a happy thought to convene under the very shadow of the Capitol of the United States a convention of Christian workers of all the churches to discuss the perils that menace our modern civilization and the grandeur of the opportunities presented to conquer the world for Christ. Dr. Pierson, of Philadelphia, affirmed his opinion that no more important religious convention had taken place since the Council of Nice. However extravagant this may seem, many who were present at the meetings will defend it. The well-printed 8vo. volume before us of 417 pages contains a verbatim report of all the papers read and addresses delivered on that important occasion. Among which we may mention the following as of special importance:—Bishop Andrews, Address; Dr. Dorchester and Dr. McPherson, on The City as a Peril; Bishop Hurst and Dr. Pierson, on Estrangement from the Church; Bishop Coxe, on Ultra-

montanism; Dr. MacArthur and Dr. Haygood, on The Saloon; Dr. McCosh and the Hon. Seth Low, on Relation of the Church to the Capital and Labour Question; Dr. King, President Gilman, and Dr. Hatcher, on the Christian Resources of the United States; Dr. Storrs, Bishop Harris, Dr. Gladden, Dr. Strong and Dr. Shauffler, on the Necessity of Co-operation in Christian Work.

The Church-Kingdom, or Lectures on Congregationalism. By the REV. A. HASTINGS ROSS, D.D. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Publishing Society. Price, $2.50.

The lectures garnered into this volume were delivered by the author on the Southworth Foundation in the Andover Theological Seminary. Though concerning Congregationalism, they deserve the larger title of the Church-Kingdom, for he treats, in its widest comprehension, of that institution which we call the Church of God. "The real history of man is the history of religion—the wonderful ways by which the different famililies of the human race advanced towards a true knowledge and deeper love of God." Taking the definition of Prof. Harris, "The Church of God is the organic outgrowth of the life-giving and redeeming grace of Christ penetrating human history in the Holy Spirit," the author first traces its development from its earliest manifestations, beginning with the patriarchal dispensation, when it assumed the family form; then passing on to the ceremonial dispensation, when it appeared in national form; and then to the Christian dispensation, where it takes on the ecumenical form. The first form was not unifying, and could not expresss the communion of saints; the second was unifying, but exclusive, and its limitations precluded its ever becoming the religious establishment of the world; the third only is capable of world-wide extension.

We are confident that the *Church-Kingdom* will immediately take the high place which it deserves.

Principles of Church Government. By the late WILLIAM H. PERRINE, D.D. Edited by JAMES H. POTT, D.D. 12mo. Price $1.25 New York: Phillips and Hunt.

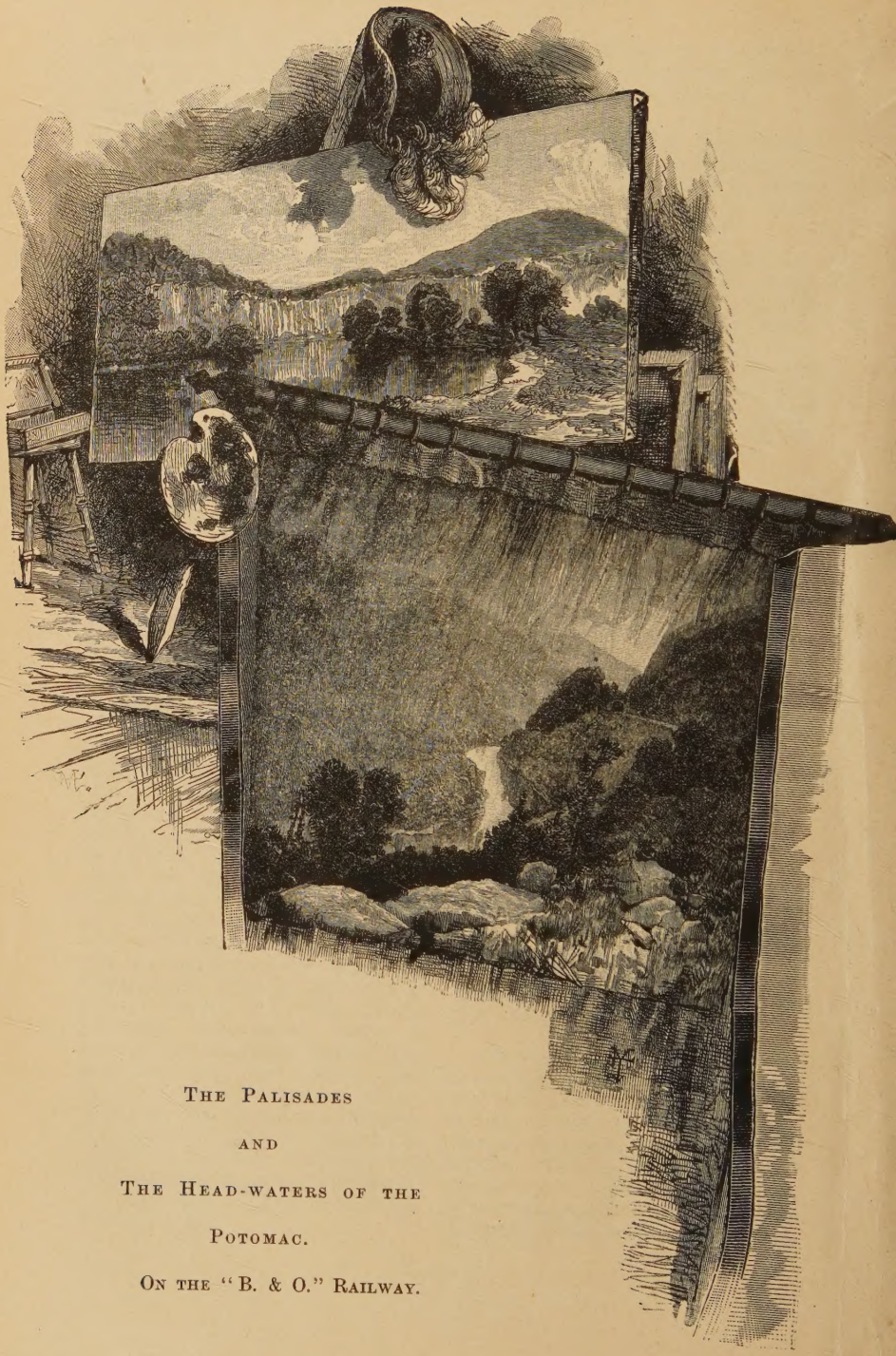
While this book is of special importance to members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, it will still be of much interest to all Methodists; it is well edited by Dr. Pott, the accomplished editor of the Michigan *Christian Advocate*, who contributes also a life-story of the author and an important chapter on the Lay Delegation Movement.

LITERARY NOTES.

A literary friend, in whose good taste and soundness of judgment we have the greatest confidence, has written us a strong protest against the unfair and sneering character of the serial story, "Yone Santo," in the *Atlantic Monthly*, with reference to mission work in Japan. The wonderful statistics of mission work there are its best vindication. He who runs atilt against modern missions is likely to meet the fate of Don Quixote in tilting at the windmill.

The Rev. Dr. Dewart contributes to the *Globe* of February 25th, a spirited poem, entitled "Now and Then:" a supplemental response to Lord Tennyson's "Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After." In our judgment the philosophy is more sound, and the treatment not less poetic than that of the Laureate's famous poem.

The Halifax *Wesleyan* celebrates its jubilee year by a special number, that for March 1, of great interest. It has contributions from a large number of former editors and old friends. During its many years' ministry in the homes of the people, it has accomplished an incalculable amount of good for the cause of God.



The Palisades

and

The Head-waters of the

Potomac.

On the "B. & O." Railway.